The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXXXX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 7, 1937 NUMBER 1166

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The Week

EVENTS in the United States during the week ending March 30 were dominated by the Supreme Court decisions reversing the former invalidation of minimum-wage legislation, upholding the law which requires collective bargaining on the railroads and holding constitutional the Frazier-Lemke moratorium for farm mortgages. These are discussed at greater length in another column. . . . Debate about sit-down strikes continued, with bitter opposition on the part of conservatives, a statement warning against them by President Green of the A.F. of L., and a resolution by Representative Dies of Texas calling for an investigation. Defense of the tactic came from John L. Lewis and liberal sources, while the federal government refused to take alarm. . . . Income-tax receipts for the first quarter were about $700,000,000, or $100,000,000 less than was predicted, but it was still unlikely that tax increases would be voted to balance the budget. . . . A WPA report on unemployment concluded that on account of technical advances, manufacturing industries would have to produce 20 percent more than in 1929 in order to absorb the jobless. . . . The Republicans in New York City could not make up their minds whether to support Mayor LaGuardia for reëlection; Tammany remained in confusion. . . . Another fatal air crash on a prominent passenger line shocked the nation. . . . Settlements of the labor disputes in coal and hosiery appeared imminent.

AFTER the great and possibly decisive victory of the Spanish government over Italian divisions on the Guadalajara front, the spectre of international war once more rose over Europe. Would Mussolini again, and this time openly, flout the non-intervention agreement by reinforcing the rebels? His representative on the London Committee, Grandi, flatly refused to withdraw the troops already in Spain. France became agitated and threatened action if more were sent. . . . Ill feeling meanwhile increased between Italy and Gerat Britain. Church of England prelates denounced the massacres in Ethiopia; the press called the Italian defeat in Spain "another Caporetto," and the Italian press responded with a revival of hatred for the English. . . . Some commentators expected Mussolini to be more bold because he had just signed a pact with Jugoslavia, thus protecting his flank if he should have trouble in the Mediterranean. There is uncertainty whether Jugoslavia by this action was weakening her tie with the Little Entente, or was rather seeking an offset against German influence. . . . The King of the Belgians visited London on what was supposed to be a diplomatic mission, to clarify the position of Belgium, now that she has decided to substitute her old neutrality for the alliance with France. . . . A Moscow dispatch reported that the Soviet regime has decided to put an end to the exaggerated adulation of Stalin, on the ground that it tends to substitute flattery for efficiency. . . . The famine in Szechwan, China, grew more severe, while governmental efforts at relief were inefficient and the people were content with praying for rain and accepting the Buddhist precepts against killing animals. . . . Ambassador Hans Luther of Germany resigned his post and was replaced by Hans Heinrich Dieckhoff.

A SERIOUS crisis has developed in the relations between the Catholic Church and the Hitler regime in Germany. The Pope in a special encyclical has denounced the treatment of German Catholics by the government and has virtually served notice that

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present policies will be resisted to the utmost. That this would happen was predicted months ago, in The New Republic and many other places. Now that the break has taken place, it makes more than ever inexplicable the action of the Catholic Church in joining hands with German and Italian fascists in the present attempt to overthrow the government of Spain. The Church's leaders have already seen what they must expect from Hitler; and they cannot have forgotten that Mussolini was for years hostile to Catholicism and only made an agreement, with his tongue in his cheek, when it became strategically desirable for him to do so. Fascism, in any country, means enslavement for the mass of the population among whom the Church finds its strength. The Vatican's policy of allying itself with the fascists is certain to endanger the Church's own existence.

CHANCES for ratification of the child-labor admendment this season seem smaller than ever, now that it has been rejected by the legislatures of Nebraska and Connecticut. The peculiar fate of this measure in view of its support by a large majority of the people, and the uncomfortable position of those legislators who have been led by pressure groups to vote against it, have brought forth suggestions for a number of substitutes. One, in New York State, proposed a prohibitory tax on products of child labor brought in from other states. Before the amendment now pending was drafted, Congress tried to legislate against child labor by the taxation route, but the Supreme Court held the law unconstitutional. Apparently the proponents of the New York measure believe that a state can constitutionally do what the federal government cannot, but who can tell whether the Court might not hold such a law invalid on other grounds? In any event, it is opposed by the supporters of the amendment, because it would be impossible to administer. States do not have customs inspectors at points of entry, and anyway who could tell what products embodied children's labor? Now Senator Vandenberg suggests a new amendment to avoid the principal objections against the pending one. It would limit the jurisdiction of Congress to children under fourteen instead of under eighteen, and would make clear that it extended only to remunerated labor. This of course would be better than nothing, but it is a pity to draft constitutional measures in such narrow terms.

TROUBLE flared up in India this week on the eve of the date of April 1, when the new Constitution came into effect. The Indian Nationalists, who won substantial victories in six provinces in the recent elections, voted not to undertake the responsibility of setting up provincial governments unless the British-selected governors would promise in advance not to use the veto powers they possess in regard to several of the most important aspects of administration. The governors, as was to be expected, replied that they have no legal authority to make such promises. The result will be makeshift and unrepresentative rule in the important areas of Bombay, Madras, Orissa, Bihar and the Central and United Provinces. London officials profess that they are surprised and hurt at this development, but if their surprise is genuine it is testimony to the fact that they don't read the papers. It has long been known that the compromise Indian Constitution is unsatisfactory to the Nationalists, who want nothing less than freedom, and that the Nationalists are gaining in influence, a gain symbolized by the rising star of Pandit Nehru and the declining one of the non-resistant Mahatma Gandhi. It seems clear that as soon as Britain gets into serious trouble anywhere else, that trouble will be augmented by wholesale disobedience in India.

THE exceedingly two-faced procedure by which the United States granted independence to the Philippines is bringing about some awkward reactions already. Manuel Quezon, president of the Philippine Commonwealth, is now making an official visit to Washington and has surprised a great many Americans by asking for immediate independence, within the next two years at most, instead of waiting until 1946 as provided in the Tydings-McDuffie act. This move is easier to understand when one considers the provisions of the act itself. Not only would the Philippines be placed outside the American tariff wall, but, beginning in 1940, they would be forced to impose a series of steeply graduated export taxes that all economists agree would simply wipe out trade with the United States. The seriousness of this threat is indicated by the fact that at present 64 percent of the import trade and 83 percent of the export trade of the islands is conducted with the United States. Turning the islands loose means almost certain economic ruin for them, and President Quezon indicates that the Commonwealth would prefer to face that dilemma frankly and now rather than wait to see disaster overtake the country by a kind of slow starvation. The economic terms of independence obviously need to be revised; and President Quezon wants the subject considered now because if simple justice won't bring about revision he has such items for bargaining purposes as the threatened loss of American export trade to the Philippines, the newly discovered and very rich gold and chromium deposits that might fall into alien hands, and the possibility that the Commonwealth may turn to other countries for its future development capital.

THE unmistakable coolness with which the New York City press has greeted the activities of groups favoring the Spanish loyalists contrasts strangely with the lengthy reports it has devoted to speakers and gatherings upholding the Spanish fascists. The farewell dinner of the American Artists' and Writers' Ambulance Corps, The Nation's dinner which raised $10,000 for a Spanish food ship, the Mecca Temple mass meeting which raised an additional $4,500 for medical aid—all were ignored, despite

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the fact they were addressed by André Malraux, Lewis Mumford, Louis Fischer and other writers whose utterances normally would come under the heading of news. However, it was worth three-quarters of a column in both The Times and The Herald Tribune when Hilaire Belloc denounced the loyalist "revolution" before a Red-baiting session of Fordham University Alumni, who raised $5,000 "for the victims of Communism in Spain." This in spite of the fact both papers failed to cover an address the same day by Fernando de los Rios, the Spanish ambassador, before a student-faculty gathering at New York University. The Times and The Herald Tribune the following day devoted half a column each to praise of General Franco by Ogden H. Hammond, ex-American Ambassador to Spain, in his debate at the Columbia University Club with Carlos Hevia, former president of Cuba. Mr. Hammond, interestingly enough, is treasurer of an "unofficial" committee sending money to the rebels.

ANOTHER bad airplane accident was added last week to the extraordinarily large number of fatal crashes during the winter. Despite the confident assurances of the airlines' publicity men that crashes do not affect the number of bookings, everyone knows that the country is becoming seriously disturbed over the situation. It is the fashion just now to blame the Department of Commerce, and the government in general, for not spending enough money on aids to aerial navigation, and there is no doubt that Uncle Sam has been niggardly. Unfortunately for this argument, however, most of the recent accidents have occurred when government service could not possibly be blamed. Three other suggestions are made: first, that many planes are not equipped with all the safety devices now available; second, that air speeds are too high for present equipment; and third, that there may be structural weaknesses in some present-day planes, in view of the tremendous loads of passengers and express they are now carrying. Certainly, if loss of life were to continue much longer at the present rate, air transport would receive a blow from which it might not recover in decades.

SPECIAL prosecutor Thomas E. Dewey won an important new victory on March 25 in his series of cases against New York City racketeers. A Supreme Court jury found all seven defendants guilty on all counts in the cases growing out of racketeering in the restaurant business. The aggregate maximum sentences possible would amount to several hundred years for each person. We are not naïve enough to suppose that racketeering can be ended permanently by jailing any number of racketeers. Nevertheless, we think Mr. Dewey is doing a good job. His work helps to clear the way for a strong and independent union in the industries dominated in the past by racketeers. Mr. Edward Levinson in an article in The New Republic of November 27, 1935, described many of the conditions in New York that have since been verified in court by Mr. Dewey. He pointed out that the racketeering unions in the restaurant business worked hand-in-glove with the racketeers in the dummy association of owners and that no assistance was given to the workers in improving conditions of labor or wages which, according to official New York State reports, averaged, for women, $501 annually. It is nonsense to say, as some people have done in New York, that Mr. Dewey's activities are those of an enemy of labor. The true enemy, or one of them, is the racketeer who exploits worker and employer alike.

GRAND opera has heretofore been an extremely expensive luxury. Even in the countries where it is most popular it has been confined to the chief cities, and heavy annual deficits, met by the state or by a few wealthy patrons, have been the rule rather than the exception. The main reason for this has been the large personnel required for a satisfactory production. An adequate orchestra needs sixty or seventy musicians as a minimum, and most operas call for large choruses of trained singers. Not long ago there came from Soviet Russia news of a plan which seems likely to make opera available as it has never been before. An American musician with the Russian-sounding name of Vladimir Shavich has succeeded in recording on sound film the orchestral and choral parts of an opera. As these are heard in the theatre, the principal roles are sung by artists present "in the flesh" and by a handful of chorus people added to complete the stage picture. One London music critic, present at such a performance, said that after the first few minutes, the illusion of complete orchestra and chorus was perfect. This plan would mean that the expense of sending opera on tour would be negligible and the cost of any performance, no matter where, tremendously reduced. At the same time, the result would be far superior to a complete motion-picture version, at least for those—and they seem to be in the majority—who prefer opera on the stage to that presented entirely on the film.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY has assembled figures showing a marked shift in the field of major interest of students during the past ten years. The report of the president to the Board of Overseers covering the academic year 1935-36 cites the fact that between 1926 and 1931 the number of students concentrating in Economics rose from 15.7 percent to 17.2 percent, while those concentrating in English fell from 20.8 to 12.9 percent. In the five years between 1931 and 1936 the concentrators in Economics fell slightly from 17.2 to 16.5 percent, but during the same period those in the department of Government rose sharply from 5.5 to 12.3 percent. Summing up on a broad scale, the report says: "There has been a steady decline over a ten-year period in the total of those concentrating in Arts and Letters, the figures being 42.4 percent in 1926, 37 in 1931 and 30.1 in 1936. The increase in the Social Sciences for the same period was from 32

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percent to 42.9 percent of the total number of concentrators." President Conant expresses alarm at these figures and says that he hopes "such important traditional studies as Philosophy and Classics may soon show an increased enrolment." The increasing undergraduate interest in world affairs, however, is a natural response to the times.

The Court Faces About

BY A CHANGE of one vote—that of Mr. Justice Roberts—the Supreme Court has reversed the position that it took only a few months ago when it held invalid the New York State Minimum Wage Law for women. The majority opinion, delivered by Mr. Chief Justice Hughes, upholding the Washington State Minimum Wage Law, goes even further than this by expressly overruling the Court's decision of years ago in the Adkins case, which upset the minimum-wage law of the District of Columbia and furnished the precedent against such laws in many states. The New York law was passed after the Adkins decision and was supposed to have been more carefully drafted than the District of Columbia law in order to avoid the original objections. The fact that the Court now overrules the decision in the Adkins case itself undoubtedly means that henceforth even the state minimum-wage laws that are broader than that in New York may be regarded as valid.

We should be thankful for this advance in the power which the Court permits government to exercise, even though the advance is only a slight one. The New York minimum-wage decision shocked conservatives as well as liberals, and was almost universally deplored by the press. It carried the attitude of the Court majority to an absurd extreme, and prompted President Roosevelt's comment that the Court was creating a no-man's land in which no governmental power could operate. The federal government had no power over the wages of those not engaged in interstate commerce, the Court had said, because all powers other than those expressly granted to it by the Constitution were reserved to the states. But when states attempted to exercise this extremely moderate and reasonable degree of control over wages, the Court said that they were forbidden to do so by the federal Constitution. The paradox was too obvious.

There are a few passages in Mr. Chief Justice Hughes's opinion, however, which may be significant of something much more than the abandonment of this absurd extreme. They concern "freedom of contract" and "due process of law"—two magic phrases by the use of which the Court has in the past held unconstitutional a long series of acts in various economic and social fields. "The Constitution," the opinion aptly points out, "does not mention freedom of contract." That will doubtless be a surprise to many editorial writers and even to some lawyers as well, who are more familiar with Supreme Court decisions than with the Constitution itself. "It speaks," the opinion goes on, "of liberty and prohibits the deprivation of liberty without due process of law. In prohibiting that deprivation the Constitution does not recognize an absolute and uncontrollable liberty. But the liberty safeguarded is liberty in a social organization which requires the protection of law against the evils which menace the health, safety, morals and welfare of the people. Liberty under the Constitution is thus necessarily subject to the restraints of due process, and regulation which is reasonable in relation to its subject and is adapted to the interest of the community is due process."

In times past the Court has often seemed to apply no such definition of due process. It has seemed to conclude, when Congress or legislatures were trying to regulate labor conditions or utility rates or prices or business practices, that any deprivation of liberty or property, by any law, was in itself contrary to due process. But now a broader test is invoked. "Is the law reasonable in relation to its subject?" Is it "adapted to the interest of the community?" If so, it is due process. This test seems more in harmony with the intent of the Constitution, and it offers a latitude for interpretation that might, with sufficiently liberal-minded members of the Court, allow government to do almost anything demanded by public opinion in the way of regulating our economy. Of course Justices like those comprising the minority in this case could just as easily decide that a law was unreasonable or that it was not adapted to the interest of the community as they now can that it is a deprivation of liberty or property. There is more reason than ever for being careful about the social and economic prejudices of those who sit on the bench. We ought to have judges who are not inclined to be legislators, but are willing to let the legislative branch decide what is reasonable and in the public interest.

The decision upholding the Railway Labor Act is even more hopeful. The main points at issue were two—(1) was the Virginian Railway compelled to obey the law directing that it engage in collective bargaining, not with a company union of its own creation, but with an independent organization representing a majority of its employees? and (2) were employees engaged in the "back shop" making heavy repairs on locomotives and cars directly engaged in interstate commerce, so that relations with them were subject to federal regulation?

The decision is important not only in itself but because of the portent it supplies concerning the Wagner act, governing labor relations in industry generally. It was, moreover, unanimous. Mr. Justice Stone, who delivered the opinion of the Court, held that Congress has the right to compel the employer to bargain and exert every reasonable effort to reach an agreement with the union representing a majority of his employees, that it has the right to forbid the employer to make agreements with unions not representing a majority and to coerce or influence employees in their choice of representation. It

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thus inferentially sustains that provision of the Wagner act which the United Automobile Workers are now citing as justifying their demand to be recognized by Chrysler as sole bargaining agent. It holds that the railroad shop workers are engaged in interstate commerce. It sets forth the judgment that industrial warfare arises from failure to recognize and bargain with unions, and peace may be aided by laws requiring such bargaining. It declares that unions have the right to seek enforcement of such laws through the courts. It is a fair assumption, therefore, that the Court will uphold all the important provisions of the Wagner act. The only question remaining is how broadly the Court will rule on its application under the Commerce Clause. Are automobile workers or steel workers engaged in interstate commerce, or do their relations with their employer directly affect interstate commerce sufficiently so that similar national legislation may be applied to them? It remains to be seen what the Court thinks about that.

Another unanimous decision upholds the new Frazier-Lemke law extending a moratorium to farm mortgages. This law was passed after the Court had invalidated a similar act. Mr. Justice Brandeis delivered the opinion in both cases. The issues are highly technical, and it may be presumed that the original law was at fault through careless drafting.

These decisions furnish evidence that constitutional interpretation does change with changing circumstances, and that the change, in important cases, depends on the personnel of the Court and its degree of responsiveness to public need. We should not be dependent upon the afterthoughts of a Mr. Justice Roberts to establish a constitutional right like the right to enact minimum wages. Some time Congress will have the power to deal intelligently with all important social and economic issues. If eventually, why not now?

The Coöps Grow Up

IN RECENT years the consumers' coöperative movement in the United States has at last shown signs of coming into its own. The number and variety of such coöperatives has tremendously increased and the public attention they receive has grown even more rapidly.

One reason for this is of course the depression. The strongest single argument for coöperation is that it saves the householder money; and when even the pennies begin to be scarce, the consumer is willing to take a little trouble to save them. Another reason not to be overlooked is the amazing growth of the credit unions, which may fairly be described as coöperative savings banks. An important factor in their rise has been the unswerving interest in the movement, and the large financial support, over many years, of Mr. E. A. Filene of Boston. Popular interest in coöperatives generally has been accelerated by descriptions of successful ventures abroad, particularly in Scandinavia, in books by Marquis W. Childs, and other writers. Important new types of coöperatives have appeared here, some devoted chiefly to retail sale of a single product, like gasoline, and others doing a large and growing amount of what is practically mail-order-catalogue selling. Today, even such a big business men's bible as Fortune Magazine finds it desirable to report in detail on the coöperative movement.

A week or two ago, the Federal Trade Commission issued an important document giving the results of a two-year study of food prices. As our Washington correspondent remarked in our issue of March 24, this report recommends producers' coöperatives in agriculture, and cites successful past operations in cotton in particular. Consumers' coöperatives would be a logical corollary and it is a minor Washington mystery why they were not given more emphasis in the FTC report. A few days ago, another governmental commission made public a document designed to encourage consumer coöperation. This is the report of the President's committee of economic experts which toured Europe last summer and was composed of Jacob Baker, chairman, Leland Olds, Charles E. Stuart, Robin Hood, Clifford Gregory and Emily Bates. The committee visited and reported on Czechoslovakia, Switzerland, Finland, France, Great Britain, Ireland, Norway, Sweden and Denmark.

Consumer coöperation is flourishing in Europe, the committee finds. Some of the coöperative societies have enormous numbers of members, and conduct enterprises that are entitled to be called big business by the American or any other standards. The committee sees no evidence that the coöperatives endanger the capitalist system; on the contrary, the two exist side by side. The coöperatives give a useful object lesson in the possibility of low prices and high quality, and thereby tend to prevent profiteering and shoddy goods by competing private business. The committee, or its individual members, comment that consumer coöperation contains no economic or political "threat," encourages family budgeting and thrift, stabilizes industry and in general makes for democracy.

The first recommendation for the United States is that the government should conduct a careful investigation of the present size of the coöperative movement here. It is next suggested that a governmental agency should be set up to encourage the movement in every legitimate way. Particular stress is laid on the necessity of making sure that credit facilities are available to the coöperatives on terms as advantageous as those enjoyed by private industry: in other words, that conservative bankers should not discriminate against the movement on political grounds.

That we believe these recommendations should be carried out goes without saying. At the same time it may be necessary to utter again a word of warning against the lunatic fringe of the coöpera-

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tive movement. The notion that the coöperatives constitute some sort of ideal compromise between laissez-faire capitalism and socialism does not stand analysis. It is the fashion to attribute to coöperation the excellent conditions for the mass of the people existing in the three Scandinavian countries and Sweden in particular. But in fact, these conditions result from a group of factors, including: a happy balance between agriculture and industry; the absence of the aftermath of war which has wrecked the economy of most European countries; a large export market, at premium prices, for agricultural products of exceptional quality; a homogeneous, highly literate people with a long tradition of democratic procedure; and last, but not least, a succession of socialist and labor governments, which years ago had carried out most of the reforms that President Roosevelt has sought, thus far unsuccessfully, to bring about in the United States. The advantages of a powerful consumers' coöperative movement in any country, including the United States, are apparent to every impartial and informed observer. It is no service to this movement to advertise it as a universal panacea.

The Chief Justice's Letter

CONSERVATIVE supporters of the Supreme Court will find little to comfort them in the letter written by Mr. Chief Justice Hughes. Up to a certain point, the Justice conceals his partisanship from the casual reader. He says that the Court has kept up with its docket and that the petitions for writs of certiorari which have been denied are petitions which should have been denied. This is conclusively proved by the fact that the Court denied them. In this way Senator Wheeler is enabled to charge the Attorney General with misrepresentation.

In the final portion of his argument, however, the Justice throws all judicial discretion to the wind and announces that he and at least two others would not permit the Court to increase the efficiency of its work by allowing less than the full membership to hear any case. Such action, he said, would be unconstitutional even if specified by Congress. He gets this out of a statement in the Constitution that there shall be only one Supreme Court. He argues that *one* Court cannot constitutionally divide up its routine business among its members. This, of course, is an advisory opinion run riot—a declaration of judicial policy for the future morally binding at least three judges to the effect that the Court will neither permit a division of its work nor will it allow Congress to do so. It violates every tradition of our judicial process.

The idea that even a majority of the cases are of sufficient public importance to require all the Court to sit at once is obviously absurd, as can be ascertained from a reading of the reports. The notion that a Chief Justice could not keep a court of fifteen well occupied, part of them in preparation of opinions while the balance are on the bench, is equally ridiculous. There are plenty of courts in America which are doing this today under the very nose of the Chief Justice. In many of the cases (for example, those involving taxation, where the sole consideration is uniformity of interpretation) three men whose exclusive attention was centered on those problems would be infinitely better than nine. The entire Court should of course read the opinions in order to see if the general tenor of the Court contradicts their own views. There is no reason, however, why they should go into detail. There is indeed little evidence from the conflicting opinions which create present confusion in tax law that many of the brethren on the Court do actually go into such detail in obscure cases. There is, further, no reason why they should all listen to the oral arguments in routine cases, most of which are not illuminating.

These considerations are sufficiently obvious that they cannot be argued away by rational methods. Therefore, the Chief Justice is compelled to invoke the taboo of constitutionality on such a procedure without any case before him, at the request of an opponent of the administration, to be used as an argument in a political controversy. Here we have the final step in the usurpation of judicial power—a statement in advance to Congress of the kind of laws which the Court intends to condemn. In giving this advance notice, the Chief Justice violates every precedent of his own tribunal against the giving of advisory opinions.

In the heat of the present conflict he will receive the acclaim of a partisan press. It is tragic, however, to contemplate the eventual damage to his reputation as an impartial judge which will be caused by this reckless abandonment of his judicial position. It is deeply regrettable, we feel, to see Mr. Justice Brandeis concurring with him. We can only hope that when Mr. Justice Brandeis concurred he had not read that portion of the letter of the Chief Justice in which he prophesied the adverse decision of the Court on any law involving a division of its labors.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1937, IN THE U. S., BY EDITORIAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 40 EAST 49TH STREET, NEW YORK.

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The Future of Democracy: I

At no time since the rise of political democracy have its tenets been so seriously challenged as they are today. In view of this fact, The New Republic some time ago asked a small number of leading thinkers, throughout the world, to state their views briefly on this general question. They were asked: Do you think that political democracy is now on the wane? Do you believe authoritarian government is superior to democracy and if so, why? Do you hold that, for the individual, security and freedom are incompatible?

The replies to this inquiry will be published in The New Republic in a series of which the statement below, by Signor Benedetto Croce, is the first. Signor Croce, for many years recognized as one of the world's chief philosophers, is an Italian, still resident in that country. The historic importance of his statement is obvious.—THE EDITORS.

PEOPLE are always asking, "Do you think that the world is moving toward an authoritarian system of government? Do you think that philosophy is moving toward a new anti-idealistic realism? Do you think that art is moving toward futurism or dadaism or "hermitism"? and so on.

I call this kind of question "meteorological": it is like asking, "Do you think that it is going to rain today? Had I better take my umbrella?"

But moral, intellectual, esthetic and political problems are not things outside ourselves, like rain or fine weather; they are within ourselves and for that reason there is no sense in asking what is more or less likely to happen. We need solely to make up our own minds and to act, each one according to his understanding and his capacity.

You will permit me also to state that, among the insults today offered to liberty, none seems to me more gross than that implied in the question whether the liberal system is to be preferred to the authoritarian system.

It reminds me of the story of a man who went to a friend and said: "I was given a slap in the face today, what do you advise me to do about it?" and the friend replied, "Why, if it was given to you, keep it." It is evident that a man who asks advice about his personal dignity has already actually renounced it.

The choice between liberty and suppression of liberty is not on the same plane as a choice between things of different values, one of which may reasonably be preferred to the other—the first means human dignity and civilization, the second the debasing of men until they are either a flock to be led to pasture, or captured, trained animals in a cage.

Coming to our own times, I see the future that liberty promises always as a beacon; I do not see any light in the future promised by authoritarianism. In the past, under the forms of theocracy, of monarchy or of oligarchy, authority had at least a background of religious mystery. Modern humanistic thought has dissipated the mystery, replacing it by simple humanitarian ideals.

But authoritarianism in our times, in those we see looming ahead, is irreligious and materialistic, despite its pretenses and rhetoric, and comes down to a brutal rule of violence over people who are prevented from seeing and knowing what is going on, and who are forced to submit to leadership and give unquestioning obedience to it.

To lend glamor to this obedience by associating it with the noble and the heroic, it is usually called military discipline, which has been extended, or should be extended, to the whole of society. But military discipline has its function only as one aspect of the social order. If instead of being contained within the society, it is itself the containing body or is coextensive with society, it can no longer be called military discipline, but is a general process of fostering universal stupidity. An artist with the face of a corporal, a scientist with that of a sergeant, a politician who waits for his orders and blindly carries them out, is no longer an artist, a scientist or a politician, but an imbecile.

We see it also as a phase of mental decadence that the political problem is now usually presented in terms of "the masses," and what is suitable "for the masses." "Masses" are not, as people seem to believe, something new in history; they have always existed, smaller than today, to be sure, since the proportions of society as a whole were smaller, but of the same nature and with the same spirit, the same threat, the same peril.

Sound political sense has never regarded the masses as the directing force of society, but has always delegated this directive function to a class which was not economic in its basis of selection, but political; one capable of governing. The problem concerns therefore not the masses but the governing class. Here too the evil, if evil there be, is in ourselves, and in ourselves alone is the remedy. It is vain to look for it elsewhere.

Liberalism should be at one and the same time the friend and the foe of democracy. It should be its friend, because the governing class is fluid, and its efforts are applied to increasing its membership and its following and to choosing them more carefully, and thus democracy implies an administration that provides at the same time an education of the governed for governing. But liberalism must be the foe of democracy when the latter tends to substitute

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mere numbers or quantity for quality, because by so doing democracy is preparing the way for demagoguery, and, quite unintentionally, for dictatorship and tyranny and its own destruction.

A practical corollary for men of good will: to work unremittingly under whatever conditions prevail, with every means at hand, and continuously, to work for the preservation and strengthening of the liberal spirit, seeking the most suitable means, but always those that lead to the end in view and not to its abandonment or its replacement by other ends.

A man who works for an ideal finds in that ideal his hope and his joy. And yet his human flesh may perhaps look for comfort in some more specific aspiration. And this too he can have, if he considers that, under the present conditions of the world, the reserve of intellectual and moral force is still enormous, and that civil liberties have been preserved in great and powerful nations. These will withstand the perils to which they are exposed and will serve as signal flares for general recovery and resumption of progress. Even under authoritarian governments the achievements won by a liberty formerly enjoyed still endure in many persistent attitudes of mind, and such governments make use of these attitudes, even while they seek to change them and to blight their seeds of future growth, destroying or compromising for the future the very productive forces which the governments need for their maintenance.

But supposing we assume that the worst will happen. The worst that can be envisaged is that the struggle which is today tearing the world asunder will culminate in the complete rout of liberty and the triumph of authoritarianism, or as it is now called, "totalitarianism," even in the countries which have up to this time remained immune.

Well, then, freedom will succumb, to be sure, but with the certainty that the processes of acquiring it will have to begin all over again, and that, in order to begin again, people will resume the efforts which for the time being have failed to win victory but which will win it in days to come.

In this sense, and not in that of obedience, in this knowing how to suffer death for a greater life, the task of humanity is in truth inspired by a military and a heroic spirit.

To the last of your questions (which falls outside the political or moral problem) "whether authoritarian systems provide better than liberal systems for the 'safety of the individual,' that is, for his material and economic interests," I can reply only with another query, "Can we suppose that our affairs will be in safer hands if we give *carte blanche* to others to manage them as they see fit, without the interested persons being able to intervene, to object, or even to ask questions?"

Here, too, an anecdote comes to mind, that of the king of Illyria in Daudet's "Les Rois en Exil" who renounces his throne to live blissfully as a private individual with a woman. When he triumphantly announces to her that he has done so, she laughs in his face, *"Jobard, va!"* (you poor simpleton) and walks out.

BENEDETTO CROCE.

Detroit Has the Jitters

AT LAST the jittery folks of Detroit can sleep at night in their beds. The 6,000 sit-down strikers in the six Chrysler plants have obeyed Governor Murphy and marched out of the plants. It is true they marched out singing, flags flying, carrying banners. There was a contagious triumph in the great parade that swept down Jefferson Avenue. They marched out with a victory air, but it took just exactly twelve hours' steady talking to get them out; and Homer Martin, Adolph Germer and Richard Frankensteen had no more voice left than a cheer leader after a twelve-inning ball game.

But the five different processions following one another in widely separate parts of the town caused the good people of Detroit to sigh with relief, and to act a good deal as if they had been rescued from an earthquake. For Detroit has been turned upside down for the last three weeks.

"Why," a woman cried to me, "people on the outside don't realize, but Michigan has been having a revolution! Everybody has struck! Why it was perfectly awful when that dear Lily Pons was marooned on the twelfth floor of her hotel and left without food or drink for hours on end. And not only the hotels, but the department stores! You couldn't go on Woodward Avenue and try to buy something without running into a sit-down! I tell you it's a revolution! And its all the fault of the President and Governor Murphy. If they hadn't encouraged them this would never have happened."

"What do you think they should have done?" I asked.

"They should have turned the machine guns on them in Flint, that's what they should have done," she replied, without hesitation. I am naïve enough still to be amazed when I hear gentle womanhood clamor to have the workers "mowed down," yet this woman was only echoing well-to-do opinion.

Michigan today, thanks to Governor Murphy, presents a very pretty picture. It has settled two major strikes and countless small ones without bloodshed, yet where prosperous people are gathered together the Governor is criticized. The average well-to-do person in Detroit would have found slaughter far preferable to what he terms the "flouting of the courts" and the "total disregard of the rights of private property." The majority of

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respectable people echo wholeheartedly what Representative Hoffmann (Rep.) recently said on the floor of the House; referring to Michigan, he stated that "certain events could only be settled with bloodshed." While Detroit has of course its moderate thinkers who commend the Governor, society here is overwhelmingly Republican.

Just what happened in Detroit to make delicate females so bloodthirsty? The last issue of the United Automobile Workers' paper gives a good picture of recent events:

> By the thousands and tens of thousands the workers began to stream into the Union. They began to make known their demand to the bosses.
>
> They said:
>
> "We've suffered all these years. We've worked for 30 and 35 cents an hour. We've worked ten and twelve and fourteen hours a day. We've worked under conditions that were a danger to our health. We've lived in the constant fear of insecurity, never knowing when the foreman would decide he didn't need our services any longer, or perhaps we had grown too old and there were younger men to take our place! Our families have lived in constant insufficiency. We say now that these things must go!" . . .
>
> And then the city of Detroit and the whole country witnessed one of the most amazing spectacles in American history. As though they were one man, the workers of Detroit got into motion—not only auto workers either—but all workers: printers and launderers and hotel employees and electricians and five-and-ten-cent-store girls and bakers and waiters and cooks and messenger boys and cigar workers—all in one mass, men and women, Negro and white, all together. . . .
>
> But this was not all yet.
>
> This wave of organization wiped the sweatshop out of Detroit. In many cases wages were doubled and more than doubled for many thousands of workers. Tens of millions of extra dollars were made available to the workers of Detroit. Conditions of work were immensely improved. Hundreds of thousands of men, women and children benefited.

The Chrysler sit-down was a shocking blow, but even more shocking were the sit-downs of little girls in the five-and-tens, of the pleasant, obsequious staffs of big hotels. That brought things home. That caused the jitters.

Detroit began to work herself up. It was a golden field day for detectives. It is said that Hudson's department store alone employed 1,400. They were everywhere, watching to prevent more sit-downs. Business places were guarded. In defiance of fire laws, staircases to office buildings were locked so that no "agitator" could sneak in. Meanwhile the strikers had set up their orderly world in the Chrysler factories. Starting suddenly and without organization, they developed a whole economy overnight. Kitchens were established. "Chiseling" committees and food-purchasing agencies were set up. Transportation bureaus and flying-squadron patrols were organized. Men and women pickets had their captains and their appointed hours for duty. Plant newspapers were developed; recreation and entertainment committees put on shows.

I had dinner in the plant two days before the evacuation. The ordered flow of the hours, beginning with reveille at an early hour, with work and appointed duties for everyone, gave an impression of a long continued way of life. There was the peace of order and stability. The patrols went their rounds within the barbed-wire fences; great crates of "ammunition," bolts, hinges, etc., stood at regular intervals. I made the rounds with the flying squadron, up one lane, down another, through the maze of the vast plant, past endless barbed-wire fences and equally endless picket squads. The whole thing was as streamlined as the automobiles they produce.

Quite different were the accounts of the small strikes in the stores. Here girls made merry, shouted and sang, and gave examples of dash-arounds rather than sit-downs.

Well-to-do Detroit supped eagerly from these horrors. Ladies met one another in club room, dinner party, store, only to exchange tales of frightfulness. "We were like children who pretend that firecrackers are German guns until they are scared to death," one woman told me. Detroit had reached the boiling point when worse happened.

The police, goaded by public opinion, indulged in some plain and fancy brutality in evicting sit-downers from some of the smaller strikes. Strikers, including women, were beaten and arrested, and even a woman sitting on her own porch was ridden down by a state trooper, in quite the grand old Pennsylvania Cossack style. (In 1919 I used to sit in the bay window of the County Detective's home in Braddock and watch the Cossacks drive people up their own doorsteps.)

A roar of indignation went up from the automobile workers. Homer Martin talked of general strikes if such doings were not stopped immediately. He wrote letters to twenty-nine unions to stand by. They replied with enthusiasm. A mass meeting to protest police brutality was called for Tuesday, March 23. The County Council refused a permit. The auto workers said they would hold the meeting anyway. The county council granted the permit. It was like the father who said, "Then *don't* eat your spinach. I *will* be obeyed."

Now the worst fears of people were fulfilled. Revolution indeed was at hand—or rather this proved that there had been a revolution all the time. It was now that the Detroiters really began to work themselves up. Chief of Police Pickert telephoned to all the midtown business offices telling them to send their clerical help home early. He hinted at riots. His telephone calls had a great effect. Public apprehension was vastly increased.

Doomsday came, and with it there came to Cadillac Square, in solemn array, all the hundreds of police of Detroit.

They arranged themselves around in the square, to impress the populace with the majesty of the law. Wrecking crews, patrol wagons and motorcycle cops

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deployed. I have not seen such a spectacle since Washington mobilized to combat the hunger marchers. Then came the anticlimax. The workers arrived in tens of thousands. They packed Cadillac Square, and overflowed down the side streets. The most conservative estimate given was 60,000. It was a tremendous protest for civil liberties, but it was as orderly as it was great. Bursts of song came from them. "Now the boss is shivering in his shoes, Parlez-vous," and again, "The Star Spangled Banner," followed by "Solidarity."

The hundreds of police were engulfed by the crowd. They had not been needed, and they vanished, swallowed up by the crowd's immensity, a crowd that was always in gentle motion. New groups of workers with their banners flowing through the crowd like a river in a sea. Huge slogans moved perpetually among the people. "Police Clubs Are No Way to Negotiate with Workers"—"You Can Beat Us But You Can't Defeat Us"—"Down with Police Brutality"—"You Sat on Us Long Enough, Now We're Sitting on You." A boo like the roar of the sea reverberated through the square when either the name of Police Chief Pickert or that of Mayor Couzens was mentioned.

But the balloon of panic had been punctured. The terror had turned out to be no terror at all, but a big crowd of law-abiding citizens. Meanwhile the strike-settling machine, presided over by Fr. Siedenberg in the Book Cadillac Hotel, continued to settle strikes with incredible velocity.

Then at last Governor Murphy brought John L. Lewis and Walter P. Chrysler together. After a day of strenuous arguing, a sudden truce was declared. The management agreed to move no machinery and not to manufacture or sell new cars while negotiations were in progress. For this the workers were to evacuate the factories. All six plants agreed, but not until the workers had decided that they could continue the strike just as well outside as they could by sitting inside.

"We decided to come out because we knew we were strong enough to come out," one of the union secretaries told me—a man with a lean, shrewd fighting face. Between nine that morning and six at night, I saw the workers lost their dismay, map out a new plan of action, get their spiritual second breath, and finally leave their factory with a triumphant tread. I saw them come out of the Chrysler Jefferson and Chrysler Kercheval, the same factories whose ordered routine I had witnessed. An American flag, with a color guard on each side, led the procession through the gates. I stood at one side in the plant while they waited for the colors. For the great American flag and the seventy-five-piece band and the blue and gold UAWA banner had to go from plant to plant as each one of the six came out. The emergency brigade with their green tams and one red tam from Flint swept out with the men, and then came the rank and file, coat collars up against the bitter weather, carrying blankets and homely domestic bundles.

As they went out the big State Police took over the plants. The agreement is that they are to let no one in or out until the negotiations are settled. The general feeling of the strikers was voiced by one who said, "God help them if they double-cross us."

Detroit. MARY HEATON VORSE.

Winter Vacation

Notes of a Motorist on Route One

THERE'S no reason in the world why I should continue to pick on Florida. If I don't like the state, I am under no compulsion to go there. Plenty of other people like it, and are entitled not to have their feelings hurt. I know, I know.

The Hotel and Slot-Machine Boom.—Florida has just gone through the busiest tourist season in many years. All records since 1929 have been broken and in some cases you must go back to 1925, before Florida had her own private crash and depression, for a parallel. In spite of the large number of new hotels erected in the past few months, space was at a premium during February and early March, the height of the season. This was particularly true in Miami and Miami Beach, where Florida *tourisme* always reaches its climax. One hostelry in Miami Beach which advertises housekeeping suites with kitchenette at rates up to $125 per day modestly announced some weeks before the end of the season that it had no more space available this winter and that most of its rooms were already reserved for 1937-38. At the opposite end of the scale were those automobile tourist camps charging a dollar or two a day, which, at about the same time, had no vacancies and had accepted no additional guests for several weeks. Florida, as many visitors have noted, exists for the rich and the poor; there is an extraordinary lack of accommodations for those whose incomes lie between $2,000 and $10,000 annually. This situation becomes more noticeable as the depression lifts and the luxury hotels begin to put up their prices once more to the impressive level of ten years ago.

Florida's big news this winter has been slot-machine gambling. In the past, great sums were won and lost daily, but most of the gaming was patron-

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ized by the rich and conducted in discreet and beautiful establishments like Bradley's in Palm Beach where you have to put on evening dress before you are allowed to lose your money. Those farther down the social scale were limited to gambling on horse and dog races and *jai-alai*. All that is changed.

Every drugstore, quick-lunch restaurant and bar has from one to ten slot machines, operated with nickels, dimes, quarters or sometimes even silver dollars. As everyone knows, these machines are a form of highway robbery; but that did not prevent the whole population, male and female, from crowding around them, waiting impatiently for a chance to feed into them coin of the realm and in return, see the spinning dials come to rest with a handsome row of pictured oranges and lemons, with the lemons (which pay nothing) prevailing. Theatrical journals report that the night-club racket has been entirely ruined by the machines. If a club neglected to install them, it failed at once and if it did install them, even the nakedest floor show was presented before empty tables while all the customers were out in the cloakrooms listening to the click and spin of the perfidious machine.

Some Imperfections of the Main Highway.—Route One is among the three or four chief highways of the United States. Extending the whole length of the Atlantic Seaboard from Maine to Florida, it carries a huge volume of traffic and passes through a number of the nation's leading cities. It is also, for almost its entire length, a continuous rural slum, a succession of cheap restaurants and cheaper hostelries. Some of the way, between Boston and Richmond, it is a three or four-lane road, though the traffic in opposite directions is not separated by a strip of grass and shrubbery as standard road-building practice now demands. From Richmond to Miami it is just an ordinary two-lane concrete road over which the traffic roars at sixty or seventy miles an hour under conditions that are frequently dangerous in the extreme. It remains a mystery, for me at least, that with all the billions poured out in the last four years for public works, no serious consideration has been given to the building of first-class highways, coast-to-coast or north-to-south, anywhere in the United States. (I am told the reason is politics: all the towns omitted would have their feelings hurt.)

Another minor mystery is why highway engineers are not yet permitted to build by-passes around large cities. On Route One, the through tourist has to go down the main street of nearly every city he reaches. He increases the local congestion, already bad enough, and loses time and sometimes his temper. It is the theory of the native merchants, who control the municipal government, that if you are forced to go through the town, you will stop and buy something; but this notion is no longer true, if it ever was. Even if the tourist wishes to buy, he cannot find a parking space for that purpose. You cannot get near any department store, because the clerks in that store have filled up all the available space with their cars before nine o'clock in the morning: they then stand behind the counter all day wondering why no one comes in to make a purchase. The hostility created in the mind of the traveler is itself discouraging to trade. I, for example, took a vow never to buy anything in Jacksonville, Florida, from the moment I discovered that there was an excellent fifty-mile-an-hour detour around the city which, however, is with malice aforethought not marked with signs, so that you have to ask for it from one gas station to the next.

Automobilists' Blind-Man's Buff.—A particular grievance of the long-distance traveler is that the main routes through the chief cities are so badly marked. The reason, I suppose, is psychological: erecting markers is a task given to the local police or highway authorities, all of whom could find their way through the town blindfolded. They just can't believe that anyone else is stupid enough not to be able to do the same. New York City is one of the worst offenders in this regard; it has improved slightly in the last year or two, but is still woefully lacking; no stranger, for example, can make his way comfortably through the Bronx to Route One northbound or to any of the Westchester parkways. As for the man responsible for marking Route One Alternate through Washington, D. C., he ought to be spanked and sent to bed without his supper. The only town on Route One, in my experience, that is adequately marked is Wilmington, N. C. The standard practice in other towns is to put no marker at all unless there is a turn. This means that once you get off the road (and it is easy to do so, especially at V intersections) you are hopelessly lost. Wilmington has done what every other city must eventually come to, and marks every route at every corner.

Highway markings on the open road are better than in cities, but they are still bad enough. Apparently, no psychologist has ever been consulted as to the mental attitudes and necessities of the automobile driver. Nearly all highway markers are still too small, and placed too near to the point where the motorist is required to slow down, stop or turn. Highway engineers have never quite been able to make up their minds whether automobile drivers can read, and because of this confusion they try to erect signs that will be clear even without the words printed on them. But in fact, most motorists *can* read, and certainly markers should be based on this assumption. All important signs should be at least ten times larger than the present average, and there should be three or four of them at a minimum, repeating the same message, at intervals of several hundred yards. I am mystified to know why there is no resort to colored signals, uniform in all cases, so that whenever the motorist saw a yellow or a light-blue marker ahead he would know that he was approaching a sharp curve, or a railroad intersection, and so on.

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My Kingdom for an Inn.—Another great puzzle of the road is why there are so few overnight accommodations for anyone whose standards are above those of the automobile hobo begging his way from town to town. At least 90 percent of the available tourist camps, tourist homes and hotels are so inferior that at least 90 percent of the long-distance motorists wouldn't patronize them under any circumstances. I know this sounds as though my mathematics were wrong, but a few hours' travel on the highway will show you that I am right. Cross the Mississippi going west, and there instantly appear plenty of clean, attractive tourist camps, charging modest prices; east of the Mississippi, except within the borders of a few Florida towns, they simply do not exist. There are of course some tourist homes, in every part of the country, that are clean and pleasant; but unfortunately, there is no way of telling which ones they are except by a night's experience which, more than half the time, turns out to be a disaster. The first business man to erect a chain of good tourist camps, all bearing the same name and offering standard service, will make a fortune. Incidentally, I understand he is about to appear.

The Trailers Are Coming.—One who has been reading the ballyhoo in the press about trailers is likely to be astonished, when he gets on the road, to see how few there are and how little they have yet changed our national landscape. In 3,300 miles of touring in late winter, I passed fewer than forty on the road, and there were stretches hundreds of miles long where no preparation had been made to supply the wants of these twentieth-century gypsies. In Florida, there are trailer camps here and there, but fewer than I had supposed. The trailer tourist is still pretty much a pioneer, who must improvise many of his own accommodations as he goes along.

This very fact makes him more of a problem than he will be a few years hence. Health authorities in many states are exercised over the sanitary questions involved in sewage disposal and pure water supply. Since so many trailer families have almost no financial resources, there is some tendency for them to create perambulating slums. Many communities that would like to bar them entirely, in Florida especially, fear to do so lest the trailers prove to be so popular that tourists using any other means of locomotion become virtually extinct.

The South, the President and the Court.—If one may judge by local newspapers and by casual conversations in hotels, gas stations and restaurants, the South has been more deeply stirred by the President's Supreme Court proposal than by anything else in generations. For the most part, the Democratic party lines are holding firm, but it is easy to sense the underlying strain and bewilderment. As everyone knows, the Southern Democracy is conservative at heart, quite as much so as the Republican tories of the North. Against this must be set warm personal loyalty to the President himself and the firm tradition of supporting anything and everything proposed by any Democratic administration in Washington. The Southern papers, on the whole, or at least those I have been reading, are afraid to express their real feeling editorially. I noticed, however, that if any one of them spoke out against the Supreme Court proposal, at least ten others reprinted its editorial, without adding a word of comment of their own.

The foregoing remarks apply to the Deep South but not to Florida, which is now dominated by recent immigrants from the North. Opposition to the President is just as bitter in the wealthy winter colonies of Palm and Miami Beaches as it is in the brokers' clubs of New York and Chicago—and for that matter, comes from the same people. The native Floridian still has a measure of control, exercised chiefly while the Northerners are away, between May and November, but he fights a losing battle.

The middle-class Floridian and the well-to-do Northern visitor are of course in agreement on many matters. They are both opposed to union labor and they both have what may be described as KKK leanings, although the Southerner is the more likely to translate this tendency into overt membership in the Klan or one of its imitators. My readers do not need to be reminded of what happened in Tampa, or of the fact that the Florida press in general showed little regret at that episode. Efforts of citrus-fruit labor to organize and to get any improvement in its conditions are bitterly resisted. Florida, like other states, works its convicts on the highways, dressed in the black and white striped prison garb that was long ago abolished in most parts of the North. Neither the Floridian nor any other Southerner can understand the suggestion that this is a bad advertisement for the South.

It is a noteworthy fact that concerted repression of labor and of radicalism, in Florida, almost always takes place in midsummer, so that the tourists who constitute the state's most important crop will not be shocked. I was told that this was by deliberate design, but I cannot vouch for the story. If it is true, it probably overestimates the sensibilities of His Majesty, the winter tourist. I doubt whether he is much concerned about social and economic problems unless, of course, his own pocketbook is touched. What the winter tourist wants primarily is sunshine and soft, humid heat, and secondarily, he wants to enjoy these things while blizzards rage in the North from which he has just fled. A mild Northern winter like the one just experienced nearly breaks the hearts of the hotel-porch rocking-chair brigade. Warmth and sunshine Florida supplies with almost unfailing regularity; and as long as it does, the tourist will continue to come. Real-estate booms and crashes may follow each other with monotonous regularity but, unless national depression intervenes to alter plans, the number of those who seek surcease in blue sea, coral dust and rattling dry palms will continue to grow.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

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Washington Notes

Senator Wheeler Turns Conservative—Messrs. Kremer, Cummings, Collier and the Indians—On Not Seeing the Forest for the Trees

PERHAPS the chief surprise of the Supreme Court fight has been Senator Burton K. Wheeler's readiness to act as leader of the conservative forces. Extremely unkind things are being said about Mr. Wheeler, particularly by members of the labor movement. Some of these labor spokesmen have been Mr. Wheeler's associates for years and the mildest name they now call him is "traitor."

This term, however, seems to me to oversimplify Mr. Wheeler's rich and complex character. At the moment, besides leading the opposition to the Supreme Court plan, he is conducting a major investigation into railroad financing, in which he has attacked the House of Morgan and the Guaranty Trust Company in an unsparing fashion. It cannot be said that he has sold out to the conservatives. He is no Benedict Arnold.

No one, perhaps, can know another person's motives. But it is my guess that Mr. Wheeler's present break with the Roosevelt administration is the final result of a long series of relatively petty disagreements and quarrels. One such incident, which helps explain Mr. Wheeler's feeling toward the New Deal, concerns the hydro-electric power site on the Flathead Indian Reservation in his home state.

The Flathead Reservation site is potentially one of the most valuable in the country. During Mr. Hoover's administration, it was leased to the Rocky Mountain Power Company, a subsidiary of the Montana Power Company, which is itself part of the Electric Bond and Share system. About the time that Mr. Roosevelt took office in 1933, the Rocky Mountain Power Company defaulted on its lease. Many New Dealers thereupon wanted the government to take over the site and develop it under public ownership. However, to do this it was necessary for the Department of Justice, on behalf of the Indian Bureau of the Department of the Interior, to sue the Rocky Mountain Power Company and have its lease declared legally void. Months passed, and the Department of Justice took no action.

Senator Wheeler was perhaps the foremost advocate of a publicly owned development on the Flathead Reservation site. He is supposed to have discussed the question with Mr. Roosevelt, and to have obtained what he believed were assurances that the project would be undertaken. He was greatly concerned over the seemingly inexplicable failure of the Department of Justice to act.

Mr. Wheeler had a particular reason for suspecting the Department of Justice. At that time, one of Attorney General Cummings' closest friends was Mr. J. Bruce Kremer, then the Democratic National Committeeman from Montana, and Mr. Wheeler's enemy. Politically, Montana has for many years been the fief of the Anaconda Copper Company and other great corporations. In the early 1920's, Mr. Wheeler fought Homeric battles against these corporations, and in them received opposition, rather than aid, from Mr. Kremer. After Mr. Roosevelt's victory in 1932, Mr. Kremer moved bag and baggage to Washington, where he rapidly acquired the reputation of being one of the half-dozen most influential lobbyists in the country.

It is not hard to understand why Mr. Wheeler jumped to the conclusion—as he apparently did—that Mr. Kremer was blocking the government's suit against the Rocky Mountain Power Company. Friends of Mr. Wheeler allege that he felt he had stumbled on a case of governmental misconduct comparable to the Harding scandals.

While matters were in this stage, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Mr. John Collier, who was likewise greatly disturbed by the inaction of the Department of Justice, sought and obtained an interview with the Attorney General. It is reported that Mr. Cummings pleaded complete ignorance of the Rocky Mountain Power Company case and promised an investigation. Soon afterwards suit was brought and the lease duly canceled.

Thereupon, a new difficulty arose. Experts of the Federal Power Commission pointed out that the Flathead Reservation site was in the midst of a largely primitive wilderness, and that, at Bonneville and Grand Coulee, the administration was already committed to large-scale projects without assurance of purchasers for the power that would be created. This adverse judgment placed the Department of the Interior in a difficult position. The power site was an important tribal asset of the Flathead Indians, and it was felt that they ought not be deprived of whatever immediate revenue could be obtained. In the end, the site was once more leased, although on markedly improved terms, to the Electric Bond and Share system.

According to report, this outcome served merely to strengthen Mr. Wheeler's original suspicions, although, to outside observers, these suspicions seem largely unjustified. He seems likewise to have resented Mr. Collier's initiative in dealing with the Attorney General face-to-face, apparently in the belief that this permitted Mr. Cummings to circumvent the exposure that Mr. Wheeler had hoped for. Two weeks ago, Mr. Wheeler took occasion to make a long, excessively vague attack on the Indian Bureau and the New Deal law under which it operates, a law which Mr. Wheeler himself helped to draft. A possible explanation of this about-face on Mr. Wheeler's part is that he still feels that Mr. Collier, at a critical juncture, deserted to the enemy.

Mr. Wheeler's hostility to the Department of Justice is widely recognized in Washington. Administration supporters are fond of saying that it is an emotional hangover from Mr. Wheeler's experiences with the Department under the Harding regime. As readers will recall, Mr. Wheeler headed the Senate committee that investigated Mr. Harry M. Daugherty, and, in revenge, Mr. Daugherty employed Department agents in an attempt to frame Mr. Wheeler. Many of the same officials that were in the Department then are still there, notably Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, the impressario of G-Men. Mr. Wheeler has never forgiven them, and presumably never will. It is reliably stated that Mr. Wheeler, directly and through friends, has several times requested that his dossier in the Department files be either returned to him or destroyed. Administration officials sternly declared that these requests have been refused—which, if I may say so, shows incredible stupidity on the administration's part. Why the administration has not long ago bundled up all the radical dossiers in Mr. J.

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Edgar Hoover's possession and made a bonfire of them in Pennsylvania Avenue is to me incomprehensible.

Mr. Wheeler is an able and ambitious man; in 1932 he was one of the earliest to support Mr. Roosevelt for the presidency. He was entitled to expect that he would be one of Mr. Roosevelt's advisers, and it is notorious that Mr. Roosevelt has rarely consulted him. In the present Supreme Court fight, Mr. Wheeler has boasted, with apparent bitterness, that he is more truly a liberal than some of the men Mr. Roosevelt has called about him. This is undeniably true. It also cannot be denied that the administration has been guilty of many questionable acts. The tragedy is that Mr. Wheeler has let his indignation over comparatively small things blind him to the total significance of the New Deal. Whether justly or not, Mr. Roosevelt is the symbol of democracy in government, and if he is defeated on the Supreme Court issue, the resulting conservative reaction will, among other things, engulf Mr. Wheeler and all his hopes.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

The SEC Retackles a Knotty Problem—Some Suggestions for Curbing a Billion-Dollar Racket—High Prices and Coal

THE Securities and Exchange Commission is going to study the subject of segregation again. The progress of this subject through the Commission has been a rather thorny one. The Commission has shied away from action thus far. It now decides to make another study. That is probably the wisest course. The problem involved is a knotty one. It is whether or not a man who acts as agent of an investor should be permitted to engage in security gambling in the same market in which he acts as agent. A simple-minded man might suppose that that is a very simple question. As a matter of fact, applied to ordinary individuals, it is a simple question. The small-bore employee handling a multitude of unimportant things, found in the employ of some adverse interest or actually working up an interest of his own hostile to his employer, is not in any sense the subject of a complicated problem. It is all very simple as to him. His problem is settled as a rule by boosting him out of his job on the business end of his boss's boot. But when a banker or a stock broker or an important business man gets involved in these situations, all of a sudden the subject becomes complex. The simple rules of honest dealing somehow become suddenly subject to a mass of modifications and amendments.

In any case the Commission is now about to study the question of broker segregation again. And I beg to take the liberty of making a few simple suggestions to the Commission as this study begins.

1. I would remind them that the subject about to be studied affects a racket which involves the turnover of hundreds of millions a year in profit. All sorts of problems, serious and minor, are to be found in the Exchange. But this one is at the very center of it. The opportunity of the brokers to speculate for their own account is the most valuable asset they possess. It is the central value of the whole business to them. When they were subjected to a tax of one-quarter of one percent on transfers by New York City, it was not the tax as such that they minded. It was that already the cost of making in-and-out transfers to floor traders and specialists was so great that they could not engage in that type of transaction. To hold on to even this part of the precious privilege of speculation for themselves, they were willing to root the exchange out of New York and move to Newark.

Millions, countless millions, are involved in the juiciest, richest, most daring racket in the world. I therefore urge, first, that there be engaged in this study no one who has had any connection in the past or hopes to have any connection in the future with Wall Street. That seems the course of plain prudence. I urge in the second place that the Commission exercise the most severe scrutiny of the course of this study. Of course I do not reflect upon the honesty of any man. I do not know who the men will be who will make this study. But it is the clear path of ordinary intelligence to assume that where so much wealth, accustomed to buy what it wants, is under investigation, the greatest caution should be observed. I for one propose to take this little precaution—to ask the name of every man engaged in the study and to file it and to watch his subsequent career. The report of that committee is going to be worth millions.

2. I hope that the whole problem of segregation will be studied—not merely the segregation of the functions of broker and dealer but of all the functions of the broker. The central point involved is: what functions performed by a broker are inconsistent with his agency position and what functions are proper to that role? This leads to the question whether he ought to be permitted to act as a speculator or an underwriter or an investment-trust manager or an investment counsel while acting as a broker.

3. There are many facets to the question. Aside from the results in any given set of transactions, what is the effect upon the market of having a bourse full of brokers who are also speculators? The exchange is ruled by the brokers. They make the rules, establish the traditions and form the ethics. What effect does the presence of an overwhelming number of broker-speculators have upon the whole organization of the exchange, the ethics, the written and unwritten rules of the market place and, indeed, upon the whole course of security finance?

4. It is to be hoped that in the study of the private speculation of members some realism will be employed in getting at the facts.

Never in my recollection has the clamor for higher and ever higher prices been more popular. The interesting phenomenon in our present situation is not that prices are going up but that all resistance to higher prices seems to have been effectively paralyzed. The United States ambassador to the world at large left last week to collaborate with the world's sugar growers to raise the price of sugar to American users. The Agricultural Department has agents here and there pegging the prices of such articles as grapefruit and other favored products. Now the railroads are asking the Interstate Commerce Commission to raise the rates in such a way as to fall most heavily on coal shipments. And at the same time the government is trying

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to force through the Guffey Act to enable coal operators to put up and keep up the price of coal.

It is probably a safe statement that much of the trouble of the coal industry is traceable to high freight rates which make competition with its fuel rivals difficult. Yet the railroads want to make the rates higher and the government wants to help the coal operators to make the coal prices higher. Indeed, one of the means the President is said to have in mind for revamping the NRA is the technique of the Guffey bill applied to all major industries. And the general idea behind the whole drive, an idea to which it is said the President is still devoted, is to keep raising prices.

Yet there is not an economist in the world who will not endorse the warning that in this direction lies disaster and that at no very distant date. JOHN T. FLYNN.

Not a Review

THERE may be those who think that words on "The Women," Miss Clare Boothe's play at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre, are by now out of date, or at least retarded. They are mistaken. The success of this piece—the plural might be pointed but Freudian, alas—is such that no Broadway management would care a rap about any remarks from a critic of a mere weekly periodical. Rain by traditional connotations has a damping effect or tone, but in the taxi world it is the reverse; what with business good enough to abandon courtesy, rain becomes a symbol of growth and abundance, in the classic manner, but also of a discourtesy, or at least high independence, that is anything but classic. Without saying that the theatre is discourteous, I merely note that nothing I say here about "The Women" will matter to its theatre (as such).

It would always be unsafe, surely, to assume that a play so successful as "The Women" is worthless, or beneath notice. That it should hump up objections, however perfunctory or however real, is another matter. There are three sections in which annoyance at this play might appear.

One is the proper: does one, in sum, mention certain things—a very distinguished old lady of my acquaintance told her granddaughters to remember that all operations from the waist down were for appendicitis, all above the waist were tonsils. Such objections are subject to epochs, each with what is properly spoken of, what not.

In another field, certain spectators will not like the scattering of this drama. It will seem to them a soup-bunch of short playlets thrown together. To a certain extent this is true, though that is nothing against the play. The thing to remember is that the assortment of situations is tied together and shown against a norm by the continuous story of Mary, Mrs. Stephen Haines, whose disruption by the silly gabble of her feminine world, and whose genuine relation to her male complement, make quite a play at that.

As a third possibility of objection we may mention the bad taste of the wisecracks, not infrequent. This is where I come in, and this is where there is no question of epochs and standards; sheer vulgar commonness is what we have, cheap stretched humor such as our newspapers often afford and Broadway often trusts in. There is here nothing to do with obstetrics or the *risqué*, but merely of that undying sense of things that taste implies. To such as do not find this obvious, it will never be obvious; which is perhaps the most serious and fatal objection to such a quality. For a straight look in the eye there are few things obstetrical that are impossible these days. For some of the poor cheap forcings in "The Women," however, there can be only embarrassment, or at least it is so for the literate.

At this rate, taking those three sections of possible objections to "The Women," it begins to look as if that play were about to begin, what with one way and another, to be universal in its happy appeal.

As for myself, when I at length saw "The Women," I enjoyed a large part of it (that for personal evidence). Its cheap moments, punched, forced, common, are no more vulgar than much of our American journalistic humor. Its general drift is sharper than most plays can show. Its variety is striking, engaging—for my part I prefer this kind of variety to the assorted bonbons of, for example, "Grand Hotel." In particular I admired the directing of Mr. Robert Sinclair. He has disposed his stage effects in the twelve scenes and thirty-four or five women with an astonishing avoidance of monotony. His usual ability appears in moment after moment of this crowded stage problem in "The Women." And he has managed in Miss Gilmore's allocation, so far as the play goes, to thread this mass into a degree of entity, so to speak, that is brilliant. In one respect, Mr. Sinclair can add yet more to his plumes: Miss Margaret Douglass—of last year's fame with a bang—gives a performance that only confirms her most distinct promise as one of the very top comedy talents in our entire theatre. She knows how to qualify, how to dissect, to shade the meanings, how to place the character securely, to provide its comedy from a standpoint that intelligent people are—in their removed innocence—apt to take for granted. In "The Women" a great waste appears in the management of Miss Douglass' value to the occasion. This waste occurs solely because she arrives without any comment or preparation; the first minutes are taken up with recognizing what she will prove to be, instead of delighting in what she plainly is. This is too bad, when a few lines, planted ahead, would turn the trick.

There must be plenty of people who sit delighted with Miss Margalo Gillmore's performance without realizing that this is what really supplies the play with a basis worth thinking of at all. The taste, and the continuous understanding of that pattern possible to the role, make Miss Gillmore's portrayal quite out of class with much of the occasion—though in a democracy this should be nothing unusual or endorsed. Among some of her associates I fear it must be said that nature has surpassed art, in that nothing on the stage can quite equal that which the actress congenitally possesses (that is not very polite to say, however). This performance of Miss Gillmore's is one of the best in her career. Her impression in "Berkeley Square" can never be forgotten. So elusive, so right, so incandescent it was that criticism halts. In its own way this performance of hers in "The Women" is as beautiful and as clever.

It seems that after all Mr. Leo G. Carroll's name was not among those Carrolls enlisted once at the Neighborhood Playhouse. At any rate several young English players were there some years ago and he is more than good enough to have been one of them. The thing to do at present is to

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reflect on his performance in "Storm Over Patsy." We must digest well that last act when he is sitting in judgment over the trial about the stealing of the dog. Mr. Carroll has been, modestly though often, the best performer in various plays. Leaving that precise point, however, we may cite him in "Petticoat Fever," "The Green Bay Tree," "The Perfect Alibi," "For Services Rendered," not to mention his performances in "The Masque of Kings," "Juno and the Paycock," and his Cutler Walpole in "The Doctor's Dilemma." Many aspects of Mr. Carroll's quality appear in the "Storm Over Patsy" judge. His comic slant is accurate and its substance delicious. Considering the New York situation as to press and theatre, I may say that Mr. Carroll's future is partly with the critics. To such a thoroughbred player this may sound boring only; but, theatrically, that is not the point. STARK YOUNG.

A Song About Lenin

THE "Tsar to Lenin" film that was released here recently is strange in many ways but the best of its type we have seen. It is newsreel stuff—old prints geared too fast, less sensitive than modern negative to start with, and washed out and spotty with the years they have been kicking around. It covers news of such a vintage and scope that any complete coverage is impossible. And yet it takes camera bits gathered from high and low and all four corners and builds them up to a feature-length show that holds the attention more surely than most fiction. For the miracle of its inclusiveness, main credit goes to the producer, Herman Axelbank, who spent thirteen years on it.

But for the final editing and the commentary, Mr. Axelbank got the services of Mr. Max Eastman. Max Eastman's name appears high on the Modern Index—but high—and so the picture was proscribed and called hard names before (to waste no time) it was even seen.

Yet since it forms a window on the one particular period of recent history that antagonisms and fear have made most confusing in the minds of just the people such a film might reach, the hot internal differences about "Tsar to Lenin" seem both unhappy in conception and not quite bright. Its graphic lavishness will instruct more and antagonize less than, for an example of blessed memory, the rather necrophile and pretentious smoke-without-fire of "Three Songs About Lenin." Its tendency is to weight the scales in favor of Leon Trotsky—in the necessary absence, from a pictorial record, of the philosophy behind the revolution and the executive-planning talent implied by it, this is perhaps natural; in the muted suggestions that while the main work went forward Lenin was busy recovering from a wound, it is something short of that. But after all, Lenin is the hero of the picture as he should be, its visible heart and mind. And if the Materialist (or only true) Interpretation of History is going to demand that his colleague in that Red army (then the George Washington, later the Benedict Arnold) be dropped clean out of the picture as from a calendar of the saints, why I suppose we will have to let the M. I. of H. go peddle its fish in such of our moments as we may be curious about what actually happened.

"Tsar to Lenin" seems to have a strip of authentic film for everything. The throne of all the Russias and the Tsar at reviews, on a picnic, in swimming; the nobles elegant and easy on their thoroughbreds and the poor dragging clumsy figures about the great estates. The military staff, the troops off to the War in glory and presently covered with the death and mud of the actual fact, the increase of misery and unrest back home. This general, that proclamation, the Duma, the shocked voice of business. The imperial court again, the generals; the crowds gathering in the streets, first ridden down with terrible sweeps of horsemen and finally joined by the army, all surging up on the dam and the dam falling. The contrasts are managed well enough so that the explosion when it comes is inevitable and welcome, the smoky confusion of crumbling debris prepared for—clearly explained by the announcer, almost pictured in the snow-wracks dimming squares and trenches.

Even the scores of cameras working here can give no more than a hint of the turbulence of those days, and no one man could comprehend it. But a makeshift government is set up and one man comes to comprehend, plan and explain, always explaining—bundled off at first, for he knew the tragedy of Kerensky before Kerensky, but coming back to command and persuade and lead on truly. There is something infectious in the image of this man Nikolay Lenin, for it takes no more than an acquaintance with his place in history for one to watch these records of his carriage in adversity or triumph and fall into the awe that inspired his countrymen when they knew him, seeing the cast and internal lighting of those features as something more than mortal, if only through the lack of their precedent in the history of men.

Meanwhile, of course, there have been scenes of battle on both fronts (that of the Reds getting a touch of whitewash, as is the custom) and the talk of internal uncertainties. Kerensky in Paris, the Intervention arriving—scenes building the idea of this army in its might and rags, throwing off the weight of a world system. And there is one scene in particular that will not be forgotten, the one where the horror of mass execution is given a foil in the laughing face of a Red soldier, captive and condemned and waiting his turn on the ground, laughing into the camera several times as the Whites line three of them up at the edge of a pit, and then three more, and so on—and then there is the divine little fool lined up among the last three, still giving his terrible bright laugh into the camera and the rifles, and next minute (for he was no actor and in no movie, and it was not a body of stuffed clothes that sprang up with that volley and crumbled suddenly after the rest) leaving nothing behind him but a spirit recorded in air. Or for contrast, the Little Father with the great beard, who put a rich touch of comedy in the Release of the Prisoners by getting himself released twice, so the camera wouldn't miss it.

And the end of the film achieves a lifting power in keeping with its theme simply by starting with a particularly intimate study of Lenin in the animation of earnest speech. The camera holds on until the clear flow and shift of ideas is almost visual, while the words of accompaniment on the sound track grow in volume; and at the end the view shifts from this living figure into a full shot of one of the portraits that are left to us, the accompaniment fading out as it should, on words as simple as saying "This was the man who . . ." and the lights come up, and for once it does not seem a mechanical device that lights should come flooding up.

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Since music and probability will apparently never get together in pictures anyway, "Maytime" can stand as the best screen operetta. It has a shameless flashback technique, its maytime looks like a Woolworth display window, I still won't believe the double-exposure ending and when Mr. Barrymore shot Mr. Eddy (too late) it had got so the poor fellow could only have saved the scene by conking him with a bag of grapefruit. Still and all Jeanette MacDonald is lovely somehow, and scenes are touching or lusty or gay just the same, and glorious with music; the Don Cossacks boom out under part of it, special effects by Slavko Vorkapitch, etc. So it takes first place, dropping its false teeth all over the lot, singing like mad. OTIS FERGUSON.

The Bandwagon

Visit the sunny South of Spain this spring. Seville will welcome you to its wonderful Holy Week processions.—*From an advertisement of United Spanish Travel Agencies, printed in The London Observer, March 7, 1937.*

We ask thy blessing on the man who sits in the highest office in the land, who has resorted to a sort of childishness in the game of "I won't play unless I have my own way."—*From a prayer offered by the Rev. Gordon C. Brownville, pastor of the Tremont Temple Baptist Church, Boston, as reported in The Boston Herald.*

The approach of the Communists of today is with the seemingly velvet glove. Its venom is inclosed in a theoretical silken holder.—*From The San Francisco News Letter.*

If women had not gone on reducing diets the recent world depression would never have occurred, Professor Norman W. DeWitt of Victoria College told the Board of Trade Club in the King Edward Hotel last night.—*News item in The Toronto Daily Star.*

The President's speech was "an appeal to the canaille of the country, the element that was responsible for his great victory at the polls."—*From the Orlando, Fla., Morning Sentinel.*

DON'T YOU MEAN TOBACCO JUICE?

We Germans demand that in dealing with us courtesy be employed, to which we have been accustomed for 2,000 years. This may seem strange and incomprehensible to a people who have the habit of putting their feet on the table and keeping their hats on in the room while spitting chewing-gum against the opposite wall.—*Der Angriff, discussing the habits of Americans, quoted in The New York Times.*

NO POSSIBLE PROOF WHATEVER

There isn't the slightest evidence that the Italian government, as a government, is doing anything [in Spain].—*Senator Key Pittman, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, quoted in The New York Times.*

The Italian government, disclaiming any intention of violating the non-intervention agreement, was declared by informed persons today to have assured Great Britain it would refrain from sending more volunteers to Spain.—*Associated Press dispatch from Rome, published in The New York Times forty-eight hours after Senator Pittman's remark.*

WANT TO MAKE ANYTHING OUT OF IT?

The White House is being redecorated, and along with the gold standard, gold is being discarded in the grand ballroom. The room has had its yellow drapes since the time of the first Roosevelt. The gold is being replaced by red.—*From a news item in The Chicago Daily News, whose publisher is Colonel Frank Knox.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic.—THE EDITORS.

CORRESPONDENCE

In Praise of Wolfe

SIR: I should like to express my gratitude to your magazine for publishing Thomas Wolfe's short novel "I Have a Thing to Tell You." It seems to me that the moving simplicity, sincerity and convincing actuality of this story will do much more to convince ordinary people of Germany's tragedy than all your editorials or the propaganda of other journalists. It also seems to me that in a literary way this novelette, while not the apotheosis of Mr. Wolfe's art, is of utmost significance in presaging what kind of work is now to come from this author.

Providence, R. I. ALVIN V. SIZER.

SIR: Many thanks for the privilege of reading in The New Republic Thomas Wolfe's short novel, "I Have a Thing to Tell You." I found it both fascinating and illuminating as to underlying conditions in Nazi Germany, while its unique conclusion seems to me to be worthy of quotation from any pulpit, either Protestant, Catholic or Jewish.

Albany, N. Y. J. SCOTT NICHOLS.

The Jefferson Memorial

SIR: The Fine Arts Commission of Washington, D. C., has approved, and Congress is about to appropriate money for, a memorial to Thomas Jefferson in the National Capital. The design for this memorial is by John Russell Pope, to whom the work was awarded without competition.

The published drawings show a great flight of steps leading up from the Tidal Basin in Potomac Park to an arid platform in the center of which is a circular domed structure with a portico in front and a row of columns around it. Inside, under the dome, and surrounded by more columns, is a statue of Jefferson. The whole is an "adaptation"—inspiration is too strong a word—from the so-called Pantheon of the Emperor Hadrian.

The appropriation is to be for $3,000,000. Borings have been taken to a depth of one hundred feet and more before striking the shelving rock to which piles must be driven. The foundation work alone is likely to require the greater part of the money, and more may be required.

The undersigned desire to protest against the carrying out of this scheme for the following reasons:

1. The proposed design is completely inappropriate as a memorial to Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, architect of the University of Virginia, statesman, humanitarian and democrat. The proposed design could equally well serve, by a simple change in the inscription, as a memorial to Theodore Roosevelt, Edgar Allan Poe or the Supreme Court. In fact, one rather suspects it has.

The architecture seems to us without imagination or vitality, and has nothing to do with the spirit of the man it would ostensibly commemorate.

2. The site selected, conforming to a plan developed before the days of automobiles, will not only ruin the beauty of the encirclement of cherry trees around the Basin, but will create a serious traffic snarl at the Highway Bridge, one of the principal accesses to Alexandria and Mount Vernon. This bridge will probably have to be relocated.

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3. It serves no purpose whatsoever, and the cost will be exorbitant. With two-thirds of the nation "ill fed, ill clothed and ill housed," this pompous pile is nothing on which to spend three millions, and again more millions.

4. It makes no use of the great sister arts of Painting and Sculpture. It is barren and joyless.

5. It was awarded without a competition, which is an incredible proceeding for a public monument of such importance.

The memorial should be one that will, by its nature, be a memorial to Jefferson instead of to the architect and the Commission. Washington is sorely in need of mass recreational areas, public gathering places or other projects for popular use, and some such program of appropriate nature might well be developed.

If there is to be a memorial, there should be a competition on Program, to bring out ideas as to what a memorial to Jefferson might be, and where it should be, and about what it might be like, and then an architectural competition, *open to all*, for the development of that program.

Protests should be sent to the following:

Representative J. J. Boylan, of the Memorial Committee.

Charles Moore, chairman of the Fine Arts Commission, Washington, D. C.

The League for Progress in Architecture, 1513 Thirtieth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., which is trying to coördinate the protests, will appreciate receiving copies of letters sent.

CATHERINE BAUER, JOSEPH HUDNUT,
HENRY S. CHURCHILL, WILLIAM LESCAZE,
CARL FEISS, LEWIS MUMFORD,
TALBOT FAULKNER HAMLIN, WILLIAM ZORACH.

Add the Fur-Lined Bathtub

SIR: Bruce Bliven, who wrote "Confessions of a Gadgeteer" in your issue of February 10, might like a couple of additions to his file on the subject. The papers from India carry publicity regarding two supposedly splendid new inventions—one of them a purse for women with reflecting circles on the outside, so as to warn the pedestrian carrying it of the approach of a motor car; second, believe it or not, a bathtub lined with mohair fur so as to protect bathers from cold porcelain!

Wilton, Conn. DEVERE ALLEN.

Reactions to "The Press and the Public"

SIR: You deserve great credit for your enterprise in bringing out powerful facts and arguments in your March 17 supplement. . . . The press of the cities is big business and is now a practical monopoly. It does as it pleases and the people have to take it. They no longer believe it, but we are like the man who was a poker fiend: "I know this game is crooked but it's the only game in town." We've got to read 'em, but when they are unanimous for or against any proposition, we, the people, have a certain indicator—we are on the other side. . . .

Chicago, Ill. MARK ALLEN SELSOR.

SIR: Your study of "The Press and the Public" is marvelously ridiculous. The people who elected Frank Roosevelt in 1932 and reëlected him in 1936 do not read anything—not even The New Republic. It follows, logically enough, that the newspapers cannot be blamed for the tragedy. The press never has had any influence with the illiterate mob; never can have any control of the greed of the masses. Personally, I think a showdown is indicated shortly between the thinking minority and the unthinking majority. If so, you and I, representing opposite schools, probably will ride to the guillotine in the same tumbrel. . . .

Washington, D. C. JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

SIR: The vote for the President being out of line with the newspaper support for his opponent should not be surprising to anyone in contact with the "inarticulate" voter. Those in the working and middle classes who generally associate with members and patrons of fraternal lodges, unions, pool rooms, gymnasiums, factory employees, county fairs, have no confidence in the press. In Chicago the bitterness of The Tribune and the asinine editorials of Knox in The Daily News constituted a very effective daily support of President Roosevelt's candidacy. Why do writers interviewing a few people riding on trains and in autos overlook the opinions of voters who are riding in street cars or walking? . . .

Chicago, Ill. SEYMOUR STEDMAN.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Groff Conklin, New York City, writes us about Ben Leider, American newspaper man and aviator, who was killed fighting for the Spanish loyalists on February 19. Leider, a former student at City College and the University of Missouri, one of the founders of the Newspaper Guild, and a newspaperman for the City News Association and The New York Post, volunteered for service in Spain and was killed while fighting in the aviation corps. His friends and admirers have formed the Ben Leider Memorial Fund, which has already raised substantial sums for the Spanish cause. A mass meeting to honor his memory will be held at the Hippodrome, New York City, April 26.

The MacDowell Colony for creative artists, Peterborough, New Hampshire, has formed an advisory council of eminent representatives from the fields of music, art and letters to recommend candidates and aid the admissions committee. Among the members of the advisory council are Edward Weeks, Archibald MacLeish, Carl Van Doren, Olin Downes, Lewis Mumford, Ernest Hutcheson, Howard Hanson, Mrs. Arthur Reis and Ashley Pettis.

Franz Boas, chairman of the American Committee for Anti-Nazi Literature, 63 Fifth Avenue, New York City, writes to tell us of the "underground literature" produced in Germany, the chief present source of accurate information about affairs in that country. The committee is engaged in disseminating in America information derived from this source.

Upton Sinclair has spoken right out to the State Boards of Motion Picture Censorship of Pennsylvania and Ohio in protest against their barring the film, "Spain in Flames." Mr. Sinclair sends us a copy of his letter, which says, in part: "There is nothing indecent or contrary to good morals in this picture and it is evident that your action is a political one, and can have no purpose except to keep from the people of your state the truth concerning the struggle of the people of Spain to defend a duly elected democratic government."

Organizations that are asking for funds to enable them to keep their work going include the American Committee for the Protection of Foreign Born, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City, which is campaigning for legislation to ameliorate the plight of the foreign born in the United States; the Berkeley Friends' Meeting, Vine and Walnut Streets, Berkeley, California, which is helping to finance relief work by Quakers among the children of Spain; and Pioneer Youth of America, 219 West Twenty-ninth Street, New York City, which seeks trained leaders, as well as funds, for its summer camp in the Big Smoky mountains of the South for workers' children.

What's on the Air?

Special Note: We have just received information that a group of American and English newspaper workers in Madrid are broadcasting nightly in English over the new station EAQ No. 2 in Madrid, which operates in the short-wave band on a wave length of 31.65 meters. The broadcasts go on the air from approximately 7:55 to 9 P.M., EST, and reception is said to compare favorably with the best European stations.

How to build and finance a home with the aid of the FHA is discussed by Bryson Rash. Saturday, April 3, 10 A.M., CBS.

Secretary of State Cordell Hull, Hamilton Fish Armstrong and others at dinner of the Woodrow Wilson Foundation. Monday, April 5, 9:30 to 10 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Rear Admiral Byrd and Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick speak on behalf of the Emergency Peace Campaign. Tuesday, April 6, 10:30 to 11 P.M.. NBC-Blue Network.

Notable musical programs of the week include Artur Rodzinski conducting the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, Sunday, April 4, 3 P.M., CBS; Guy Fraser Harrison directing the Rochester Civic Orchestra, Wednesday, April 7, 3 to 4 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; and a double bill from the Metropolitan Opera Company, "Hansel and Gretel" and "Cavalleria Rusticana," on Saturday, April 10, 2 to 5 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

All times given are Eastern Standard.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

The Record of a Trial

BY ALL ODDS the most exciting book I have read this year is the stenographic record of the recent trial in Moscow, as translated into English by the People's Commissariat of Justice.[1] I started reading it from a sense of duty: having heard so many arguments about the trial, and having read so many attacks on the good faith of the Soviet courts, I wanted to learn as much as I could from original sources. I learned a great deal, but chiefly I continued out of pure fascination with the material. Judged as literature, "The Case of the Anti-Soviet Trotskyite Center" is an extraordinary combination of true detective story and high Elizabethan tragedy with comic touches. I could accept it as a fabricated performance only on the assumption that Marlowe and Webster had a hand in staging it. Judged as information, it answers most of the questions raised in my own mind by the brief newspaper accounts of the trial.

But before discussing the testimony, I had better explain my attitude toward Russian affairs as it has developed during the last few years. I am not a "Stalinist" except in so far as I deeply sympathize with the aims of the Soviet Union, and in so far as I believe that Stalin and his Political Bureau have in general followed wiser policies than those advocated by his enemies. I do not believe that he is infallible as a statesman or a guide. In literature, my own field, I gather that his taste is conventional and even philistine. The public adoration of this one leader is to me a disheartening feature of Soviet life. But without paying allegiance to Stalin I am certainly against Trotsky. My opposition is partly a question of temperament: I have never liked the big-city intellectuals of his type, with their reduction of every human question to a bald syllogism in which they are always right at every point, miraculously right, and their opponents always stupid and beneath contempt. I have never liked Trotsky's books: even the best of them, the "History of the Russian Revolution," is for all its great qualities deficient in human warmth and in generosity toward his associates, let alone his enemies; and at the end it declines into self-justification. "My Life" is not only self-dramatized to a disquieting degree, but also, at points where it can be compared with other narratives, it is lacking in simple candor. But most of all I am against Trotsky on political grounds. It has seemed to me for several years that hatred of Stalin is his deciding principle, and that his slogan of "the permanent revolution" is likely to destroy the revolution permanently, by attacking and weakening socialism in the one country where it now exists.

Perhaps this bias—here stated briefly and without the supporting evidence—makes it easier for me to credit the charges against Trotsky's Russian followers. At any rate it doesn't seem at all impossible to me, as it does to many well intentioned liberals, that revolutionists of their type would try to destroy the Soviet state which they had helped to build. The point was that they had ceased to regard it as *their* state. They decided that the revolution—to which they remained faithful in theory—was being betrayed by its own leaders, and they set about to displace these leaders: at first by mass action, then, after the masses failed to support them, by acts of terrorism (including assassinations that failed to come off), then by "economic terrorism" (that is, by wrecking trains and causing explosions in factories, with the hope that Stalin would be blamed); then finally, when this course proved unsuccessful in its turn, they put their hope in foreign support and a "second revolution" produced by a new world war. They had many qualms, but after each step forward into crime they were forced to take another, by what they called "the logic of the struggle." This phrase recurs at least a dozen times in the complete court record.

In general that record gives quite another picture of the trial than the one we got from the newspapers. It is not true, for example, that the defendants in court were intimidated; on the contrary they often argued with the prosecutor and Radek almost made a fool of him. It is not true that they groveled before Stalin; on the contrary they mentioned his name as little as possible, and always without qualifying adjectives. The only Soviet official whom any of them praised was L. M. Kaganovich, for what he had done to stop wrecking on the railways (and as professional wreckers, they spoke with authority). It is not true that they were "Dostoevskian" in their eagerness to make their crimes seem as black as possible; on the contrary most of them clung to every possible shred of self-respect. Thus, Norkin admitted that he caused three explosions in a power station, but he was furious at being mentioned in the testimony of a German spy named Hrasche. "This somewhat compromises me," he said, "the fact that I was connected with this man." Knyazev confessed to wrecking trains and to receiving 15,000 rubles from a Japanese secret agent; but when it was suggested that he might have kept some of the money for himself, "I categorically object to that!" he cried. It is not true that the trial gave the impression of being staged; on the contrary the prisoners disagreed on a dozen minor points; there were quarrels in court; some of them were eager to make a clean breast of it and others were still holding back; but in the main their separate testimonies fitted together into one convincing pattern.

By people who still believe that the trial was "a clumsy frame-up," the confessions themselves have been explained in a dozen fashions. It has been said, for example, that the defendants were promised their lives if only they would bear false witness against Trotsky. That seemed faintly possible after the trial last August, but once Zinoviev and Kamenev had been executed, the promise would obviously not work with others. (Trotsky's son now claims that the death of Zinoviev and Kamenev was kept secret from the defendants at the latest trial. But Radek, arrested after the trial, certainly knew about it, and so did Pyatakov.) Again it has been said that the GPU, by subtle Oriental tortures, forced the defendants to make false confessions. But tortures that would have this effect on men as strong-willed as Muralov, for example, would have to be not only subtle but severe; they would have left traces that certainly were not evident in court. Again it was suggested that the confessions were extorted by threats against wives and children. But such threats had proved ineffective when made by the fascists, and moreover some of the prisoners had no wives or children. Then there were other explanations belonging to the realm of fantasy—that the confessions had been produced by powerful drugs unknown to Western medicine; that the prisoners had been hypnotized (or again that the audi-

[1] The Case of the Anti-Soviet Trotskyite Center: A Verbatim Report published by the People's Commissariat of Justice of the USSR. New York: Book [illegible]6 pages. $1.

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ence in the courtroom had been hypnotized); that the prisoners were really good Communists who lied and died to save the Party (but this does not seem likely from their past records); and finally that all of them had really been executed before the trial and their places taken by actors from the Moscow Art Theatre.

To me all these explanations seem not so much impossible as strained and unnecessary. The behavior of the prisoners on the witness stand—whatever else it may have been—was certainly that of guilty men lacking popular support and ashamed of the deeds that had brought them there. On this simple assumption, their actions in court seem not "Dostoevskian" but almost normal under the circumstances. It is their actions before arrest that belong in a Dostoevsky novel.

Just how they were made to confess, I do not know, but the testimony contains some pretty definite clues. On their first day in prison, two of the defendants, Pushin and Knyazev, were so thoroughly frightened and conscience-stricken that they told everything without even being urged. Incriminating letters were also found in Knyazev's office. More evidence accumulated during the August trial. After that it was a long process of comparison and confrontation, of getting one new fact at a time, until finally still another defendant would break down and tell the whole story. A passage from Norkin's testimony seems to give an accurate picture of the process:

> *Vyshinsky:* And why did you afterwards decide to give way?
> *Norkin:* Because there is a limit to everything.
> *Vyshinsky:* Perhaps pressure was brought to bear upon you?
> *Norkin:* I was questioned, exposed, there were confrontations.
> *Vyshinsky:* You were confronted with evidence, facts?
> *Norkin:* There were confrontations.
> *Vyshinsky:* How were you kept? What were your prison conditions like?
> *Norkin:* Very good. Are you asking me about outward pressure?
> *Vyshinsky:* Yes.
> *Norkin:* There was no pressure whatever.
> *Vyshinsky:* A man can be deprived of good food, deprived of sleep. We know this from the history of capitalist prisons. He can be deprived of cigarettes.
> *Norkin:* If that is what you are talking about, there was nothing like it.
> *Vyshinsky:* Did they feed you well?
> *Norkin:* They were extremely attentive.
> *Vyshinsky:* The evidence brought against you was weighty enough. Did that evidence play any role?
> *Norkin:* Of course, what played a role was that I realized the hopelessness of the struggle, and realized that it was necessary to bring the whole thing to light.

To me this passage seems to hint at pretty severe pressure, even though it was not "outward pressure" in the form of torture or deprivation. Norkin was not made to feel at home in prison, even though his jailers were "extremely attentive" (and I wonder if this phrase has the sinister sound in Russian that it has in English). But eventually he confessed from a sense of guilt and from the feeling "that it was necessary to bring the whole thing to light." The same was true of Muralov, a brave, hot-tempered man of sixty who held out for eight months—more than twice as long as any of the others. Radek, arrested late, did not confess until a few days before the trial; he waited until the testimony of his sixteen fellow defendants had piled up against him.

It seems to me that the confessions were undoubtedly sincere. But this does not mean that every word the prisoners said was true, even subjectively. Some of them apparently told less than the truth, in the effort to protect their friends. Some of them may have told more than the truth, in the hope of being let off with a lighter sentence or, in Shestov's case, out of pure bravado. And some of them developed a hatred for Trotsky so strong that it seems to flare up from their graves. They may have gone out of their way to revenge themselves for what they regarded as his betrayal of themselves and their common cause. All these possibilities have to be considered.

Nevertheless the major part of the indictment was proved beyond much possibility of doubting it. The defendants had been fighting their own government by sabotage and terrorism. They had plotted against the lives of Stalin and his chief collaborators. They had caused a whole series of railroad accidents in West Siberia and the Urals, including one wreck in which twenty-nine Red Army men were killed. They had been responsible for fatal explosions in chemical and power plants. They had deliberately drawn bad plans for factories and mines, so that production was delayed and accidents increased. They had delivered three important chemical secrets to agents of the German government, and they had given the mobilization plans for the Siberian railroads to Japanese spies. All this they had done under the impression that they were faithfully carrying out "directives from the center," in other words, from Trotsky himself.

But there are other points in the indictment that seem less firmly established, by fewer witnesses. Did Trotsky really plan to restore capitalism in Russia? Did he plot with the Germans and the Japanese, promising that his followers would help to cripple the Russian army, and in return being promised that Hitler would restore him to power? At first glance, the story seems incredible. It is directly supported only by the testimony of Radek (who received letters from Trotsky, which he afterwards burned) and of Pyatakov (who says that he flew from Berlin to Oslo for an interview with his chief). It is indirectly supported by the testimony of Sokolnikov and Serebryakov, the other two members of the "reserve center," who heard the story from their associates; and again by the testimony of Romm and Bukhartsev, who acted as go-betweens. It is denied from beginning to end by Trotsky, who says that he was under police guard in the south of France at the time when Romm was supposed to be meeting him in Paris. It is also partly contradicted by the authorities of the Oslo airport, who say that no foreign plane landed there during the months when Pyatakov claimed to have made his visit. The Communists answer that there are other landing fields near Oslo.

On these points I think we might suspend our judgment until more conclusive evidence is produced by one side or the other. The main question to be decided here is the scrupulousness and good faith of the Soviet authorities. It does not seem to me that Trotsky's moral guilt or innocence is really at stake. There is no doubt that he hates the Soviet government and wants to overthrow it; of this fact he has lately made no secret. On the other hand, he could not be guilty of treason to Russia for the simple reason that he is not and does not regard himself as a citizen of Russia. He is in his own eyes a citizen of the world revolution. From the moment some years ago when he decided that the present Russian government was a danger to the world revolution, and was indeed the chief danger, it became his moral duty to attack it by every means at his disposal. I can see no reason why he should stop short at alliances with foreign states—the Bolsheviks had been "defeatist"

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during the World War; Lenin had traveled through Germany in a sealed train. Moreover, the purpose of this new alliance would be to make Trotsky the master of the Russian people. Having attained that position, he could turn against his allies and, by force of his genius, rouse the rebellious spirit that sleeps just under the surface in Germany, in Italy, in Japan. The world revolution would come at last, in all its blood and promise for the future. . . . That is not how things happen in history. But it is how things often happen in the minds of conspirators who plot to destroy the better out of love for the best.

II

There are other lessons to be drawn from the latest Moscow trial. I am not trying to write a "non-partisan" account of the court proceedings, because such an account would be next to impossible. The issues are too close to all of us; once we begin to study them, we are forced to take sides, and it is clear enough which side I have taken. On the other hand, I am not at all interested in the distortions and half-truths that are supposed to be politically expedient, and I am trying to set down with painful candor all the conclusions that the trial suggests. Some of these are unfavorable to the Soviet Union even on the assumption that all the evidence presented in the courtroom was essentially accurate; perhaps I should say, on that assumption most of all.

In the first place, the evidence proves that, during the years from 1930 to 1933, the position of the Soviet Union was much more critical than most of us believed here in the West. Many high officials of the Russian railroads believed that transportation was going to pieces. Many engineers were convinced that the new factories would never pay. The peasants were striking against collectivization, and in some cases even starving against it. Military-political experts like Radek thought that war and defeat were both inevitable.

Second, the evidence proves that there was a great deal of disaffection among the higher Soviet officials. More than a hundred names were mentioned at the trial as those of men who were plotting against the government, and this means that thousands of others must have sympathized with them secretly. The plotters and wreckers were sometimes more capable than those who remained loyal—a fact that was dramatized at the trial by the opposition between Radek's nimble-wittedness and the prosecutor's dull persistence.

Third, the evidence proves that disaffection was turned into treason partly through the lack of democracy in Russia. This point has often been made in a general way, but the trial records support it with direct evidence. All the prisoners were asked to explain why they became Trotskyists. Almost all of them answered that they had disagreed with some feature of the Five Year Plan. Thus, Pyatakov believed in 1931 "that the construction of giant mines, Stalin's idea of the Urals-Kuznetsk Complex, was built on sand. . . . These plants would not pay." In the same year Knyazev decided "that it was impossible to improve the work of the railways by the methods that were then being employed." Stroilov paid a visit to the collective farm where his parents lived, and "it seemed to me," he said, "that what was being done in regard to collectivization was on the wrong track, at any rate regarding the tempo that was set."

One cannot help feeling that most of these hesitations might have disappeared if they had been openly stated and openly answered. But the party line had already been drawn, and in any case the rush of construction left no time for argument. The doubters were afraid that if they spoke frankly they would be treated as public enemies of the Party—and so they became its secret enemies instead. As for the GPU, it actually created treachery by trying to track it down. Thus, poor Stroilov (I was glad to see that he got off with an eight-year sentence) was still wavering when the German intelligence agents threatened to expose him to the GPU if he didn't follow their instructions. Knyazev began in a half-innocent way by simply failing to reveal that a Japanese diplomat had tried to bribe him. But the Trotskyists heard about the incident and forced him to obey them by threatening to denounce him as a Japanese spy—and later the Japanese forced him to become an actual traitor by threatening to expose him as a Trotskyist. Fear of the GPU proved useful to its enemies.

Fourth, the evidence proves that many people who have acted as spokesmen for the Soviets—Radek and Pyatakov and Romm in particular, but the other defendants in a lesser degree—have been absolute hypocrites, have boasted about the success of Soviet planning when they thought it would fail, have celebrated the strength of the Soviet armies when they were convinced those armies would be defeated, and even called for the death of Kamenev and Zinoviev when they were involved in the same conspiracy. One can't help doubting whether all the hypocrites have been exposed.

Fifth, the evidence proves that Stalin has not been able to win the loyalty of many close subordinates, including men like Radek and Pyatakov whom he liked and trusted.

Sixth, the evidence also shows that real power in Russia is centered in too small a group. At one time as keen a judge as Radek believed that the whole government could be overturned by the simultaneous murder of five men. "I did not have the slightest doubt," he said, "that the acts [of assassination] were to be directed against Stalin and his immediate colleagues, against Kirov, Molotov, Voroshilov and Kaganovich. . . . I knew very well who led the Party and the Soviet government."

This concentration of power is one of Trotsky's principal reasons for calling the present government "Bonapartist" and for comparing Stalin to Napoleon. In reality there are so many differences of character and purpose between Stalin and Napoleon that the comparison is useful only for reasons of anti-Soviet propaganda. But Napoleon was not the only dictator thrown up by a great European revolution. Before him there was Cromwell, a dictator in spite of himself, or partly in spite of himself—a conscientious, lonely, suspicious man trying to do his best for England and the revolutionary classes while living in daily fear of assassination—a man of integrity rather than genius whom Stalin resembles at so many points that I am surprised to find the comparison has never been made. I suppose that Stalin's enemies think it is too flattering and his friends that it is not flattering enough. As for Bonapartism, it is Trotsky himself who used to be called the Red Napoleon, and who still dreams of revolutionary conquests that would have to be military conquests too.

Stalin and Trotsky: in the course of their long hatred, going back at least to the siege of Tsaritsyn and the civil war in the Ukraine (1919-20), each man has brought out the less admirable qualities of the other. Stalin's brusqueness emphasized Trotsky's conceit. Stalin's political maneuvering was answered by Trotsky's conspiracies, which in turn made Stalin's policy more repressive—and repression bred new plots, increasingly desperate and hopeless. If it were simply a question of personal character, one might balance between the two men, placing the steadfastness of one against the vehement genius of the other; but it is now

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a question of war and peace and the world that our children are going to live in. Stalin, with all his faults and virtues, represents the Communist revolution. Trotsky has come to represent the "second revolution" that is trying to weaken it in the face of attacks from the fascist powers.

And there is one other conclusion about Trotsky to be drawn from the trial records. He is generally regarded as a great leader betrayed by the weakness of his followers; and in fact he has helped to spread that impression. But the truth seems to be that the oppositionists in the Soviet Union have been numerous, intellectually gifted and in many cases devoted to Trotsky. At times they have even had reason on their side. There is little doubt, for example, that the Russian peasants were collectivized too rapidly and that Stalin himself should have taken some of the blame instead of casting it all on his subordinates. There is little doubt, as we look back on it, that the tempo of the Five Year Plan was entirely too rapid, and that just as much would have been accomplished at a lower cost by going more slowly. "Mistakes were made," as the Communists are always willing to say; but the point is that they say it too lightly; too many mistakes were made that caused human suffering, and that was the real basis for the strength of the opposition. But Trotsky helped to dissipate that strength by transforming the conflict of policies into a conflict of personalities. His hatred of Stalin made him go too fast for those who accepted his leadership; it involved them in conspiracies and murders and acts of sabotage; it separated them from the masses. And Trotsky's self-centeredness, his lack of personal loyalties, made him disown the Russian Trotskyists just as soon as they were discovered and arrested. "The man for whose sake we did this," said Pyatakov, "will not, I think—for I know him full well—find any other course than to dissociate himself from what we have done together with him and under his leadership, to slander us, to lie, to accuse us of cowardice and anything he may please." Trotsky did just that, before reading those words. "For the phantom of power," said Radek, "Trotsky was ready to sacrifice the last man capable of dying for him." It was not the great leader who was betrayed by his followers: it was the followers who were betrayed and hurried to their deaths by the great leader.

III

The record of the trials in Moscow makes it necessary for us to revise and revalue our whole attitude toward the Soviet Union.

It seems to me that there has been a tendency among radicals and liberals to regard the Soviet Union as the answer to their personal problems (even their literary problems) and to judge the new society as a Utopia. This tendency has produced two opposite effects. In the first place it has led many people to blind themselves to the real faults of the Soviet Union or, at the very least, to explain them away. Political repression?—No, not really, and besides it is necessary. Bureaucracy?—Well, perhaps, but that is only a passing phase. And anyhow think of the children's summer camps and the marvelous nurseries! . . . One of the troubles with such a state of mind is that it is extremely precarious. Any little incident or irritation—bedbugs in the new hotel, ugly furniture, a telegram to Stalin that has to be written obsequiously—is likely to destroy the illusion. Then the Utopia suddenly becomes a counter-Utopia. The former idealist is transformed into a cynic who can see nothing at all that is good in the Soviet Union, not even the children's summer camps and the marvelous nurseries: it is all a vast edifice of lies and tyranny worse than the German Empire under Hitler. Stalin as a father-image is replaced by Trotsky.

Somehow we have got to get along without Utopias and father-images, and especially without the idea that all our difficulties can be solved, here in the United States, by applying the methods developed in Russia. We have got to form a picture of the Soviet Union that is closer to reality; and it is just possible that the trial records may help us.

The picture they give is of a country in which the period of the revolutionary dream is ended, with its compelling warmth and enthusiasm. The period of simple reconstruction is ended too. Today there is the task of building another society out of the imperfect materials at hand, of defending that society against foreign invaders (not to speak of shirkers and traitors at home), and of doing all this not with heroes or demigods but with men who, in addition to being able and self-sacrificing, are at the same time ambitious, vain, irritable, prone to mistakes and unwilling to admit them. Marx and Lenin had guided these men to the threshold of a new world but could not guide them much farther; they now have to forge ahead for themselves. And the result is neither Utopia nor Inferno: it is Soviet Russia "in construction."

To this new society we owe our loyalty, but not our blind loyalty. With its strength and weaknesses, its present shortcomings and its promise for the future, it is still the most progressive force in the world. For the Soviet Union to be attacked and destroyed by the fascist powers would be a catastrophe from which I very much doubt that our present civilization could recover. It would certainly mean the end of the world revolution. On the other hand, the problems, the handicaps and the whole tempo of the new society in construction are so different from those of western Europe and America that there is a limit to the illumination we can hope to receive from Russia. It is much easier now than it was four years ago to imagine a time when the revolutionary movement in the West will have cut loose from Russian guidance, but not from Russian friendship.

Meanwhile the real problems are those we face at home. It is not Soviet Russia that is on trial, but all of us who believe that men can make their own destinies. Each of us has to testify, to bear witness. MALCOLM COWLEY.

Lull

This bad air we breathe now is bad
Not because of storm, but because of no storm:
The air a heavy drench, sultry, swollen.

Who have known lightning undivorced from thunder
Wait with a graver fear. Not the loud noise,
The acrid smell, the writhing attitude,
The blue face still on the unbloody ground—
Not these, the actual facts, so rack the mind
As apprehensive agony ever since.

Storm we can stand, the wind's great rage, the trees
Tossed in the night, the little pelting rain,
Darkness, and feeling lost, cold, and no help.

Destroyer and preserver, hear O hear!

O beyond compass, wind from underground,
Abbreviate this foulness to clear air.

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Constitutional Principles

The Commerce Clause Under Marshall, Taney and Waite, by Felix Frankfurter. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 114 pages. $1.

IN THE lectures reprinted in this volume Professor Frankfurter is primarily concerned with the varying meaning that three Chief Justices of the United States have found in the commerce clause. At a time when many persons, lacking the discipline of thorough scholarship, have shown a hasty willingness to dignify their political oratory with the carefree citation of constitutional decisions, it is a relief to turn to this small volume, in which those nice distinctions between particular cases on which our national destiny has so often turned are treated with a rare combination of legal acumen and historical insight. The reader who seeks the comfort of large generalizations or who expects to have the secret motives of judicial action conclusively revealed will find little in these lectures to satisfy his taste. But to those who have felt that American historians have grossly neglected the possibilities in the biographical treatment of constitutional history the book will be most welcome.

Professor Frankfurter has attempted in the three brief lectures to do no more than sketch the profiles of his subjects. He has done so, however, with such a sure hand that he suggests the perspective of other dimensions than the one with which he is immediately concerned. The particular content that Marshall, Taney and Waite found in the commerce clause was to a considerable degree the reflection of each man's opinion as to the proper limits judges should set for judicial power. In such brief space as that to which Professor Frankfurter was confined, many omissions were necessary. One wishes, however, that Taney's opinion, given when he was Attorney General, sustaining the constitutionality of the Carolina laws excluding free Negroes, had been discussed. That Taney there accepted more drastic restrictions upon the powers of Congress and the courts than he did when he became Chief Justice is historically and biographically important. If Professor Frankfurter has cast no new light upon the constitutional principles of Marshall and Taney he has brought a fresh vitality to those subjects. He is particularly to be thanked for having given a discriminating estimate of Waite's pedestrian virtues—qualities of discretion and restraint so seldom shown by judges that judicial power today faces an inevitable reckoning.

MARK HOWE JR.

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Western Civilization in the Near East, by Hans Kohn. Translated by E. W. Dickes. New York: Columbia University Press. 340 pages and end-map. $3.50.

IN THIS, as in his previous studies of Near Eastern affairs, Dr. Kohn exercises a dual capacity. He is at once cataloguer and philosopher; the obedient compiler of known data and the energetic analyst of situations, obscure or transitional, which other writers merely describe.

His previous studies have been mainly political. The present one is only incidentally so. It is a study of Europe's cultural and economic influence in the Near East. Europe, he points out, still preserves its power of penetration in the outer world, despite its domestic crisis. This power is actually increasing in range and intensity, at a pace never known before in history. Hellenism similarly fascinated and permeated other countries at the very time it was tried most severely at home, but the paradox of our own day is on an incomparably greater scale.

Europeanization has been a process at first resisted, then hastened, by the inhabitants of the Near East. Intellectuals, unsettled by contact with the history of European civilization and with the achievements of the machine age, have communicated their own outlook to lower strata of society. The period of transition from one culture to another is a period of weakness, and European nations have shown an aptitude for exploiting this weakness to consolidate economic or political gains for themselves in areas where Europeanization has begun to make itself felt. For this reason, Dr. Kohn argues, it is a great advantage to the native society to enjoy political independence during the period of transition.

Thus, Turkey has made much more rapid progress than the mandated territories, where France and Great Britain undertook to give administrative advice and assistance to the Arabs. Only when Oriental peoples have achieved full independence, Dr. Kohn asserts, can there be any question of genuine assistance from Europe.

An English reviewer complains that Dr. Kohn has said practically nothing about Palestine. This is not because Dr. Kohn lacks precise information, or a profound interest in what is happening there. The omission is both deliberate and defensible, for the Europeanization of the Holy Land is not on a par with the Europeanization of the Near East as a whole, and requires separate analysis. It is the only portion of the Near East in which a Europeanized people is trying to establish itself as the majority. The communication of ideas, not the transfer of populations, is the subject of Dr. Kohn's present study.

The Near East, so long isolated from the world, has been

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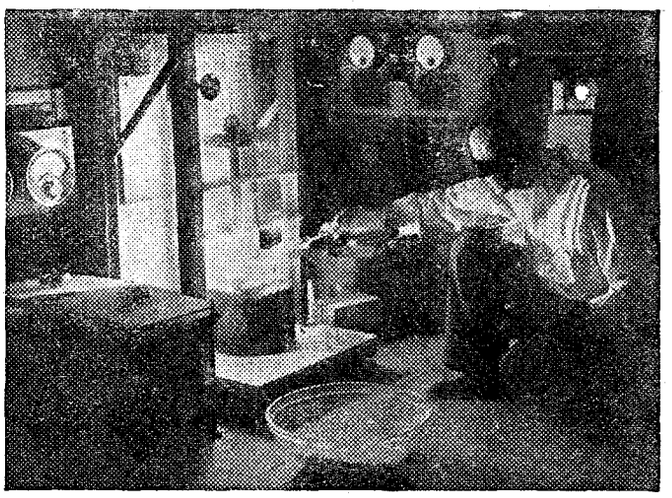
drawn back into the maelstrom of international life chiefly because of Europe's interest in cotton, oil and a short route to the Far East. This has awakened the ambition of Near Easterners for political and economic autonomy. Iraq is promoting the creation and advancement of an industrial working class. Turkey is at work on a five-year plan of rapid industrialization. Iran is building roads with an eye to business. Indigenous banks flourish where formerly only European banks were known. These and other manifestations of European influence Dr. Kohn rehearses in considerable detail. Their ultimate significance, he finds, is this—that peoples who were formerly only passive elements in world economic and political movements are now becoming, as a consequence of their Europeanization, active participants in history. ELIZABETH P. MACCALLUM.

Anatomy of Chicago

The Old Bunch, by Meyer Levin. New York: The Viking Press. $3.

THIS IS a long, full-packed story of some two dozen Jewish boys and girls from Chicago's West Side who break away from the orthodoxy of their fathers (tailors, pawnbrokers, small manufacturers) and follow the currents of American life during the jazz age, the Coolidge prosperity and the depression. It is a collective novel, with the group as hero rather than any individual, and it tells the whole story of the spiritual and financial plunder of Chicago. The characters in the book are almost all good at the start, but the system they come up against is so overwhelmingly rotten that all but the very best are spoiled. Most of the boys become lawyers or doctors, but one important character is a sculptor and another a six-day bicycle racer. And mixed with them are parading school teachers, Al Capone, Insull, union organizers beaten by Red squads, evicted tenants in the poor districts, Big Bill Thompson, official doctors trying to hush up the dysentery epidemic during the World's Fair, and, loud and swelling, the whole obscene chorus of the law courts with their tricky lawyers and political-machine judges. One of the best sections in the book concerns a group of doctors who form their own medical alliance despite disbarment and attacks by the official medical confederation, which is as acidly censured here as the "McGurk" institute in "Arrowsmith." Some of the book's most important symbols are chemico-medical, and the dysentery blooms out of them most effectively.

"The Old Bunch" is written in good, hard-driving colloquial prose, and is full of sharp characterizations, though the cinematic shuttling of the technique makes it hard to establish character in the old sense. The book suffers from defects most collective novels have suffered from, chiefly in its lack of psychological depth; though just as Dos Passos tried to give a subjective balance with his "Camera Eye" sections, so Levin includes this element in presenting his sculptor, who even goes to Palestine in quest of himself. The topical references to indicate the passing of time are in some instances skillfully handled, but over the stretch of 900-odd pages their use comes to seem too much of a trick. But on the whole it is a very fine novel, with the speed and lustiness and brawling of the world's fourth largest city. The final direction of the author's intent comes in the form of a vision to the best man in the book—humorless, capable, single-minded Sam Eisen, who has refused to become a shyster like his compromising friends, and is something of a pariah from their respectable world, a radical. On the last night of the Century of Progress Exposition, he sees the



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HARRY THORNTON MOORE.

Prophet of the Future

Pushkin, by Ernest J. Simmons. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 495 pages. $4.

PUSHKIN was a liberal and until the day of his death he remained a liberal," says Mr. Simmons in his admirable biography of the greatest of all Russian poets. "The abuses of the government he abhorred . . . as a youth in St. Petersburg he had boldly written and spoken his resentment of despotism . . . he was also the first of the liberals to suffer punishment for the Cause . . . his forbidden verses were everywhere recited by the Decembrists and their stirring lines served as slogans." On the other hand, Pushkin had definitely no calling for actual revolutionary activities. Like many liberals he earnestly desired reforms, but hoped to see them brought about by logical evolutionary processes rather than by revolution and bloodshed. "His whole life was poetry," and only when carried away by temporary enthusiasm would he oblige his muse to serve the revolutionary cause.

When the Decembrist revolt failed, Pushkin philosophically resigned himself to the fact. But when the Emperor Nicholas I asked him point-blank: "What would you have done in Petersburg on December 14?" (the day of the revolt) he replied: "I would have been in the ranks of the rebels."

The conspirators, however, did not take him seriously, always being afraid that his impulsive nature might carry him away and inadvertently betray them all. Therefore he was never taken into their inner circle, though many of them admitted later that his poems, "The Village," in which he exposed the stupid, cruel existence of the peasants, and the "Ode to Freedom" had influenced them perhaps more than anything else.

Alexander Sergeivich Pushkin was born in Moscow in 1799. Through his father he belonged to an old but impoverished family of the nobility. On his mother's side he descended from the famous "Negro of Peter the Great" Ibrahim Gannibal, who had been brought to Russia from the Sultan's seraglio. Whether this great-grandfather of his was actually an African Negro or an Abyssinian princeling has never been quite made clear. But Pushkin was extremely proud of his Negro blood, as he called it, and often referred to it.

Educated at the Imperial Lyceum for sons of the nobility, he formed many lasting friendships during the six years of his life there, and became the poet laureate of the school. In the Lyceum he wrote more than 130 poems, and in 1814 his first poem was published in the most influential Russian magazine. On graduation he found the doors of Petersburg society thrown wide open to him, thanks to the many friendships he had formed in the Lyceum and to his father's social contacts. He was especially friendly with the aristocratic Hussar officers stationed at Tsarskoe-Selo who, imbued with the liberal ideas of Europe, advocated the necessity of changing the system in Russia. Among them the man who had the greatest influence over Pushkin was Colonel Chaadaev, idealist, philosopher and one of the most brilliant minds in Russia. Other groups also attracted him.

But soon his liberty was to be curtailed, Alexander I

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having read his flaming "Ode to Freedom" with a great deal of displeasure. "Pushkin must be sent to Siberia," the Emperor declared, and only the intervention of powerful friends saved the poet from that end. Instead he was exiled to Yekaterinoslav in the south of Russia, then to Kishinev in Bessarabia and finally to his own estate "Mihailovskoe" in the government of Pskov. This political exile, which lasted for more than six years, kept him from sharing the tragic fate that befell his friends and all those who had been implicated in the December revolt. Five of the leaders were hanged, more than a hundred sentenced to hard labor in the Siberian mines, and Pushkin, his heart overflowing with sympathy, sent the prisoners a daring message of comfort and hope in a poem entitled "To Siberia."

In the reign of Nicholas I he was at last pardoned and allowed to return to the capital, though under the so-called "protection" of the Emperor himself, who, through a chief of secret police, practically destroyed the poet's freedom of speech and action. Spied on, repressed and constantly censored, Pushkin was restless and unhappy, though apparently this condition did not affect his creative power.

In 1831 he married Natalia Goncharova, about whom he wrote to a friend she was his "hundred and thirteenth love." But there is no doubt that he did really love her and for the first time was faithful to a woman, also jealous. Unfortunately this jealousy brought about his fatal duel with Baron d'Anthes. Mortally wounded, Pushkin died January 28, 1837.

For more than a hundred years he has been Russia's favorite poet. And both the New Russia of the Soviet Union and Old Russia, as represented by the emigration, honor him equally, for in him they see not only a titanic national figure, poetic genius of the country, but also the embodiment of their ideas: "preserver of the past and prophet of the future."

IRINA SKARIATINA.

A Context Theory of Words

The Philosophy of Rhetoric: The Mary Flexner Lectures at Bryn Mawr for 1936, by I. A. Richards. New York: The Oxford University Press. 148 pages. $1.75.

TO SAY what language is, is to begin a discourse on almost every facet of reality. A word is the mind made manifest; the body in action; character, society and mankind epitomized; a substitute for the world, possessed of a life of its own. It at once means and expresses, organizes and refers. To speak is to reveal oneself to others and others to oneself, for a language is one's own only because it also belongs to the group. To communicate to another is to learn what it is we intend, for language is not only a medium, but a resultant as well. In the word, thought and custom are solidified; yet it is in the shape of words that thoughts and customs become fluid and grow.

It is inevitable, then, that one who understands by rhetoric, not the art of persuasion, but a critical, basic study of the laws of the use of language, should infringe upon almost every conceivable domain; it is inevitable too that if his book be brief, he raise more problems than he can resolve. It is both the virtue and the defect of "The Philosophy of Rhetoric" that it is a tissue of suggestive observations on the nature of words, meanings and metaphors, interspersed with occasional definitions and apt quotations, and environed by multiple overtones and unexploited, but not altogether promising, implications into the nature of reality, knowledge, universals, science, poetry and psychology. A provocative work, its strength lies mainly in

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its multiple emphases on the fact that language means more than it conventionally says, and that the textbook theories of "correct usage" and "proper meanings" are mischievous and misconceived.

For Richards, a non-technical word (scientific terms forming an apparently totally distinct category) is no mere substitute for an image or sensation; it supplements what we experience, providing it with a significance it otherwise would not possess. Its meaning is not a fixed and unalterable atomic unit unambiguously defined by past practice. Meaning is the resultant of the interplay of a word with others; what a word means is the rest of its context, psychological, linguistic and real, to which it belongs and for which it is now a delegate. The meaning of Shakespeare's "intrinsicate" in "this knot intrinsicate of life at once untie" is "familiar, intimate, secret, private, innermost, essential, that which constitutes the very nature and being of a thing—all the medical and philosophic meanings of his time as well as 'intricate' and 'involved.'" The unexpressed context is a vital element in the meaning of a word and it shifts from occasion to occasion, prohibiting an antecedent definition and prescription. To allow a dictionary to determine what a word means is to use the dead as a criterion for the living. All language is essentially metaphorical—metaphors being the products of the dynamic interaction of contexts at once diverse from and similar to one another.

To reject these observations of Mr. Richards' would be an error, making creative writing and the movement of language the mysterious products of a poetic frenzy. But to be content with them would be as great an error. Language, even when most poetic, is static as well as dynamic, clear while ambiguous, possessed of fixed points whose very particularity and barrenness make possible the understanding of that unpredictable variability Mr. Richards emphasizes. It is but half a philosophy to observe that language, like a plant, is a growing organism, and it will remain only half a philosophy so long as a plant has roots and rigid confines in terms of which the growth must be observed, defined and conditioned.

PAUL WEISS.

Contributors

MARY HEATON VORSE has long been interested in the labor movement as a novelist, journalist and organizer. She has spent the last month in Anderson, Indiana, with her son, a reporter for the Federated Press, who was shot, seriously wounded and arrested while covering the strike there.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES, poet and critic, is working on a book of criticism dealing with poets of the last twenty years.

MARK HOWE JR., who in 1933-34 was secretary to Mr. Justice Holmes, practises law in Boston. He has contributed reviews to The New York Herald Tribune Books, The Harvard Law Review and The New England Quarterly.

ELIZABETH P. MACCALLUM is in Ottawa building up a literature and information service in international affairs for the League of Nations Society in Canada. The material is for the use of citizens in all parts of the country who are studying contemporary world affairs.

HARRY THORNTON MOORE is book editor of the new review, Midwest. He is writing a book on D. H. Lawrence.

IRINA SKARIATINA is a member of the former Russian aristocracy who has shown a sympathetic attitude toward the Soviet Union. Her books include "A World Can End," published in 1931 by Jonathan Cape, and "The First to Go Back," published by Bobbs-Merrill in 1933.

PAUL WEISS, an associate professor of Philosophy at Bryn Mawr, is planning the early publication of a work in systematic philosophy. In collaboration with Charles Hartshorne, he edited the papers of Charles Sanders Peirce, published in six volumes by the Harvard University Press. He is a Guggenheim fellow for 1937.

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